

SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL



MONTREAL 1968 - 1969



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SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL MAGAZINE

VOL. 40

FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR 1968 - 1969



1968

1969



SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL

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His Worship M. L. Tucker, D.S.O.

OFFICE OF THE
MAYOR



CITY HALL
WESTMOUNT G. P. Q.
CANADA

CITY OF WESTMOUNT

VERITAS! Could there be a better motto to live by? To me it symbolizes honesty and truth in every way and in everything. It poses a positive challenge to get and to give all that is best in life.

As Mayor of Westmount, you were kind enough to invite me to participate in a number of activities at Selwyn House. In the ceremony at which you honoured and accepted Canada's new flag in 1965; at the graduation and prize giving exercises in 1968 and at the official opening of the new wing of the school early this year. On all of these occasions and at many other times I have observed that "Veritas" is a vital living thing in Selwyn House. It was seen in the Governors, in the parents, in the Staff and, most importantly, in the boys who will be the leaders of tomorrow.

Education is the tool which enables us to conduct the search for truths which will enrich the lives of mankind. In our world today we see clearly that we must press forward urgently to discover new values essential for the survival of humanity. In our haste, however, let us not cast aside past achievements unless and until these are proved to be out-moded or untrue.

In answer to my opening question I can think of no better motto than VERITAS and I hope you will continue to retain it as the guideline for your lives.

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(Edinburgh and Columbia Universities)

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(Oxford University)

Director of Junior School Studies

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Diploma in Education (Liverpool University)

Head of Department of Maths and Science

Director of Organisation

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(London University)

Director of Middle School Studies

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(Royal Military Academy, Woolwich)

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(Amsterdam)

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(Montreal Museum of Fine Arts)

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(McGill University)

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(McGill University)

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OFFICE STAFF

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(Miss) Frances H. Gault

Col. Ross M. Campbell

(Miss) C. W. Severs

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Jonathan Benbow (Head Prefect)
Duncan Campbell (Assistant Head Prefect)
David Runkle (Assistant Head Prefect)

Nicholas Bala
John Grossman
Roy Hastings

John Pearce
Brian Roy
Donald Skelton

Acting Prefects

Brian Clarke
Douglas Dawson
Jahn Fricker
Brian Ludgate
John Mappin
Jay Nicholson
Andrew Phillips

David Schouela
Peter Scott
Andre Telio
Guy Tombs
Gordon Usher-Jones
Howard Winfield
Brian Witkov

Captain of Football

Brian Roy

Captain of Hockey

Brian Roy

Debating Society

Norman Tobias

House Captains

Lucas House
Macaulay House
Speirs House
Wanstall House

Donald Skelton
Duncan Campbell
John Grossman
Brian Roy

Magazine Staff

SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL MAGAZINE STAFF

Editor in Chief: Guy Tombs
Assistant Editors: J. Benbow
P. Genzel
M. O'Hearne
Sports Editor: D. Campbell
Art: J. Selye
Photography: M. Pollak
Staff Advisor: Col. E. G. Brine

PREFECTS & ACTING PREFECTS



Back Row : B. Clarke, D. Dawson, J. Nicholson, H. Winfield, J. Peorce, B. Witkov, B. Ludgate.
 Middle Row : G. Tombs, A. Telio, J. Moppin, N. Bolo, R. Hastings, D. Schouelo, P. Scott, J. Fricker, A. Phillips.
 Front Row : B. Roy, D. Runkle, J. Benbow, Mr. Phillips, Dr. Speirs, Mr. Moodey, D. Campbell, D. Skelton, P. Grossman.



Dr. R. A. Speirs

The Headmaster

We are proud to record that at the Fall Convocation of Sir George Williams University the degree of LL.D. (honoris causa) was conferred upon the Headmaster. The honour is paid, we feel, not only to Dr. Speirs for his long and prominent career in the service of education and the community, but to Selwyn House School, whose course he has directed for almost a quarter of a century.

Dr. Speirs subsequently delivered the Convocation Address, in which he urged the importance of the humanities in an increasingly technological world. In the course of his speech he said,

"Surely it is fundamental to our concept of an enriched life that man cannot live by bread alone, that the sifted wisdom of humankind has an

inspiring message for our atomic world, and that it avails little for our researchers in outer space to probe the hidden mysteries of the moon, if we cannot understand or get along with our next door neighbour or make our everyday environment a happier or more secure place for our children . . . Keep up your studies in the humanities, for therein lies an enrichment of the mind and the heart that is beyond all measuring to your maturing self, and it may well be to the business or profession to which you are dedicating your talents."

In recording our congratulations to Dr. Speirs and our pride in sharing with him this honour, we commend these words to all boys who are setting out in the world.

Board and Staff

The Board of Governors were very sorry indeed to lose the valuable services of Mr. W. G. Buchanan on moving to England. Mr. Buchanan had served with great keenness for a number of years and had interested himself in many facets of the school administration, and his wise counsel will be greatly missed. Mr. Kenneth S. Howard, Q.C., and Mrs. John N. Mappin have been most welcome additions this year and we look forward to profiting happily from their contribution to the successful ongoing of the school.

As Staff replacements in September we welcomed Mr. I. F. G. Ferguson, a graduate of Cambridge University, Mr. D. N. McRae retired principal of Westmount Park School, who returned to the classroom to teach senior history on a part-time basis, Mr. Eric H. Rumsby, a graduate of Sir George Williams University and a French Specialist, Mr. Leigh I. Seville who holds a teaching diploma from Macdonald College, and Mr. E. D. Taylor, a graduate of McGill. Mr. A. I. Moss-Davies returned to us after completing his Master's Degree at the University of Massachusetts.

We regret to record that several members of the Staff will be leaving Selwyn House this June. Col. E. Geoffrey Brine's departure will be a sore loss indeed. Colonel Brine has played a major role in the school expansion which followed our move from the downtown location as Director of Middle School Studies.

Col. Brine had a distinguished background of military and educational experience before joining us in September, 1962. Born in England and educated at Berkhamstead School and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he was commissioned in the Royal Artillery and served with the Italian Expedition Force in World War I. He later saw service in the Waziristan campaign, and

served with the Royal Canadian Artillery in World War 2. He taught at the Grove, Lakefield, Ontario and Hillfield School, Hamilton, as well as at Ashbury College, Ottawa. From 1952 to 1962 he was headmaster of the Preparatory School of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville.

We at Selwyn House have been most fortunate to enjoy the privilege of his wide experience, his deep understanding of boys and his great enthusiasm and teaching ability, and the impress of his character on all the boys who have passed through his hands will be a treasure of enduring value. Our deepest thanks to Colonel Brine and our best wishes to him and to his wife for many years of happy and fruitful retirement — with the hope that we may see much of them both on their visits to Montreal from their Vermont retreat.

Also leaving at this time are Madame Janine Dorland, Mr. Moss-Davies and Mr. Jeremy Riley. Madame Dorland has been with us for eleven years in charge of Junior French. Her two sons, Michel and Philippe, are graduates of Selwyn House. Madame Dorland has accepted a position as French Specialist in the newly established Dawson College. We extend to her our thanks for all she has contributed to the Junior School over the years and wish her every success in the new and challenging CEGEP world.

Mr. Moss-Davies has accepted the position of Director of Education at the Shawbridge Boys' Farm, and Mr. Riley is returning to the university world for post-graduate studies. To both these gentlemen we express our appreciation for their contribution to the school, Mr. Riley over the past two years, and Mr. Moss-Davies for his services of 1966-67 and the present academic year. Good luck to them for all future success.

Colonel E. G. Brine



A Word from the Chairman

It has often been said that bricks and mortar alone cannot make a good school. While this remains as true as it ever was, this issue of the magazine would not be complete without recognition of the landmark in school facilities that was established in 1968 - 1969. By now most readers are familiar with the substantial additions and changes to the school property to which I refer. Perhaps not all realize how much personal sacrifice was required to achieve these results, and this is an impersonal age. To the many boys who will be back this September and many Septembers after that I say: "Use the new facilities — learn in them; live in them; laugh in them." By doing all three in proper proportion you will be giving those who contributed to the Expansion Fund the nicest thanks they could ask for.

David M. Culver

S.H.S. Expansion Fund

Target: \$500,000.00

Status as of

23rd May, 1969

Cash received:

\$258,000

Pledges:

179,000

Still to be raised:

63,000

SALVETE 1968-1969

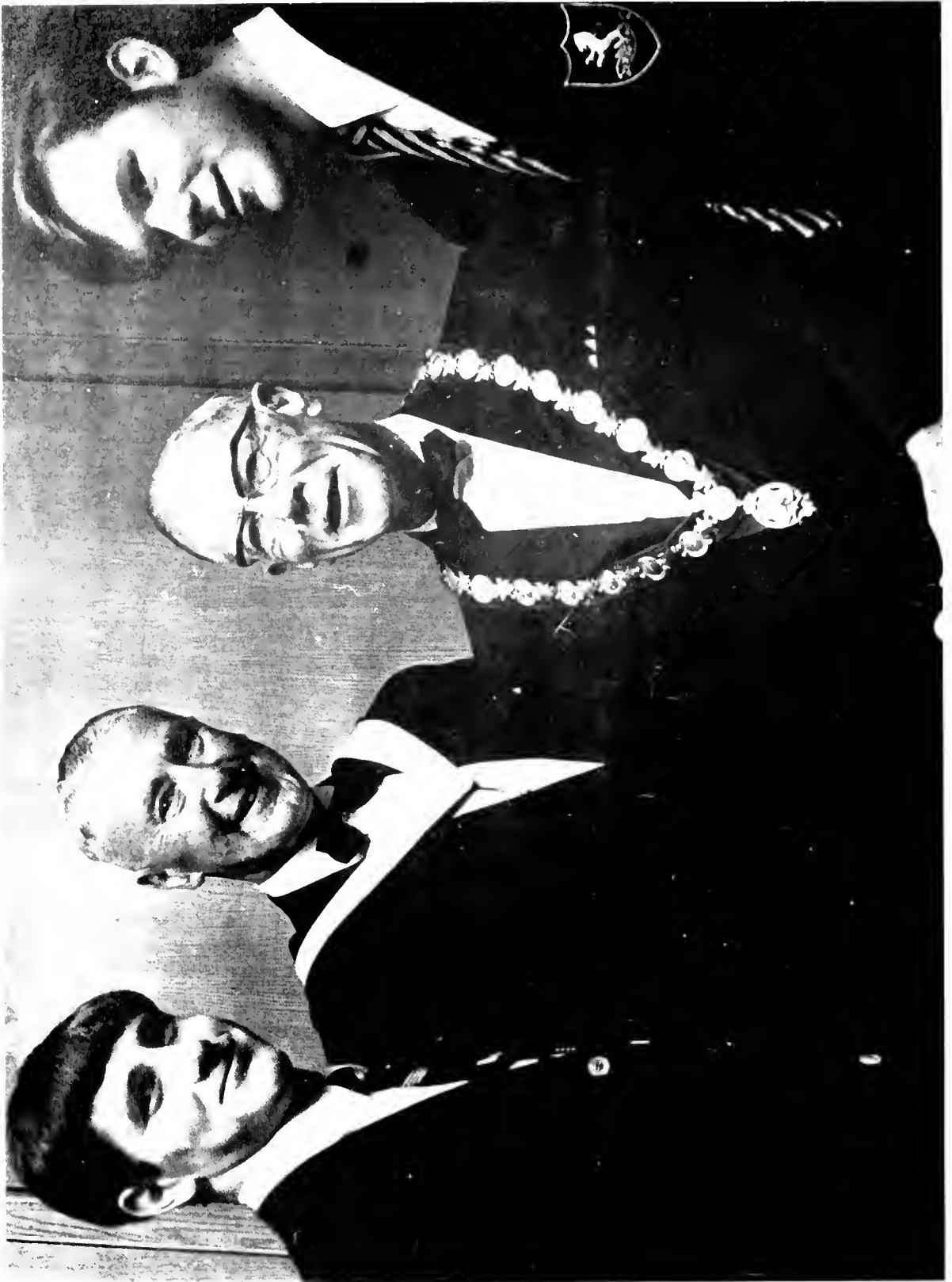
James Aikens	Matthew Gombay	Andrew Nemec
Leslie Anderson	Ian Graham	Corey Nicholson
David Aspinall	Mark Griffin	Jay Nicholson
Blair Baldwin	Christopher Hall	John Ogilvy
David Ballantyne	Philip Hall	Mark Ogilvy
Nigel Barnes	Jonathon Homovitch	John Porter
Alexander Beamish	Simon Heathcote	Marc Robert
Mark Benson	Robert Heft	Stephen Roloff
Joseph Besso	Gordon Herington	James Ross
Andrew Black	Thomas Holy	Robert Rothgeb
Waldermar Bockler	Georges Iny	Bartholomew Sambrook
Christopher Brooke	Christian de Keresztes	Alexander Scarlat
Raymond Carriere	Jeffery Kerrin	Peter Scott
Kenneth Casselman	Peter Kerrin	David Shannon
Michael Cooper	Paul Korn	Iskender Sheard
Thomas Cooper	Robert Lande	Glen Sheiner
Marc Cordeau	Cameron Landell	Frederic Silberman
Andrew Creighton	Robert Landell	Iain Stewart-Patterson
Douglas Dawson	John Lawrence	Brian Taylor
Nicholas Domville	James Legere	Marc Terfloth
Bjorn Drejer	Michael MacBrien	Paul Tinari
Uffe Drejer	Andrew Malcolm	Mark Walford
Jordon Elliot	Christopher Mather	John Warner
Ross Elliot	Richard Matthew	Bruce Williams
Andrew Federer	Paul Mayer	John Williams
David Gameroff	Scott McKeown	Constantine Zarifi
Simon Gameroff	Charles Neilson	George Zarifi

VALETE 1967-1968

Charles Agnew	David Knight	Christopher Purvis
Lawrence Ayre	Anthony Grahom	Michael Reade
Giles Beale	Boyd Graham	Kenneth Reardon
Nicholas Beale	Derek Howord	Jay Ronalds
Michael Berend	Timothy Hyde	Christopher Roper
Christopher Bookless	Sass Khazzam	Peter Roy
Christopher Brooke	Gregg Laliberte	Anthony Stapleton
Brian Cohen	Timothy Lantier	Norman Stark
Gregory Daniels	Samuel Levinson	Thornley Stoker
Lloyd Daniels	Stuart Mactavish	Paul Switzer
Roy Donaldson	Guy Mayer	Christopher Thresher
Matthew Elder	Gregory Merrick	Hugh Thresher
Stephen Eyre	Ian Molson	David Vaughan
Eric Fisher	William Molson	Richard Vaughan
Ian Fisher	Michael Onions	Gary Victor
Pieter Fontein	Lockwood Pawlick	Christopher Whyte
Andrew Fraser	Peter Pawlick	Brian Wolvin
James Fraser	Robert Pawlick	Marc Wolvin
Michael Goldbloom	Lloyd Pedvis	Roy Wolvin

Graduating Class 1968 - 1969

Nicholas Bala
Jonathan Benbow
Duncan Campbell
Robert Choncer
Brian Clarke
James Copping
Douglas Dawson
John Fricker
John Grossman
Roy Hastings
Maximilian London
Walter Lovell
Brian Ludgate
John Mappin
Stephen Miller
Jay Nicholson
Stewart Patch
John Pearce
Andrew Phillips
Brian Roy
David Runkle
David Schouela
Peter Scott
Jean Selye
Donald Skelton
Andre Telio
Guy Tombs
Gordon Usher-Jones
Howard Winfield
Brian Witkov



Left to right: HEAD PREFECT G. WEIL, THE HEADMASTER, MAYOR M. L. TUCKER, ROBERT SEELY

Editorial

In any society, the progressive forge ahead dodging ugly obstacles and suffering uncomfortable necessities, on the path to some kind of destination. This school has an aim, and so does this magazine. The school's story is told in this annual. This publication has its own little story, too.

From October to January, I dreamt about the magazine. Of course, I was not at all sure it could be completed, but other more crucial problems bothered me.

I tried to think of interesting articles and attractive ways to present them. For a while, I worked on different teachers for a series of special articles that would have been pieced together with the ones by students. The teachers did not contribute in this area, though, unfortunately. The remnants of this opinionated section may provide a good representation of the Selwyn House situation.

We tried to reproduce the atmosphere of Selwyn House rather than that of just any school. The different club and sports articles reflect this Selwyn House touch, but the literary section, perhaps, tries hardest. Since the topic was "open", students took it upon themselves to write down their own ideas. They wrote what they thought, rather than what they appear to think or what people want them to think. Obviously, they often do not act accordingly, but they do their best. This makes this section, in my mind, both interesting and entertaining.

The newspaper and the Student Committee were excitingly encouraging voices. Their success merits repeat performances in '69-'70. As it appears in this magazine, Spring Session worked

wonders for the school. It brought happiness. All these things are "Selwyn House", and is what this magazine is all about.

G. T.

This article is not intended to overshadow the editorial. Rather, the author is attempting to present several facets of school life which have appeared most noticeable in the past year.

First, the Prefects deserve some mention. It is a difficult task to come into Form VII, and take on the duties of a prefect. Hopefully, most of the students will remember the meeting in the Tower Room with three of the prefects. The need for these meetings was an illustration of the problems the Prefects faced. The apparent loss of rapport can perhaps be attributed in some way to the introduction of the Student Committee. I mean not to malign the Committee, but because the members of the executive are all full prefects, conflict is bound to arise between the ideals of both.

A Prefect System and a Student Committee are both valuable institutions, but in one year, perfect coexistence is virtually impossible. During the next few years students should take up the challenge presented by progress. To condemn the school is tantamount to admitting defeat. To make the school run efficiently should be a personal challenge to every student. If these last few words sound too idealistic, it is perhaps because I entertain an outlook of distorted optimism. Pessimism, however, is conducive to personal defeat; hence, a pessimistic attitude is not desirable.

JONATHAN BENBOW,
Head Prefect

Annual Academic Prizegiving

14th June 1968

Our graduation ceremonies were again held in two sessions. The afternoon prizegiving for the Junior School and Forms I & II is reported elsewhere on these pages. In the evening we were honoured with the presence of His Worship M. L. Tucker, D.S.O., Mayor of Westmount, as our guest of honour.

Before presenting the prizes, Mayor Tucker addressed his remarks particularly to the graduating class. He expressed the hope that youth would extend their academic and athletic achievements towards conquering the challenges which lie ahead, and he urged those graduating not to reject out of hand all ideas presented by their elders. "Our teachers and parents were not infallible," Mayor Tucker said, "but I believe that most of us agree that they, and hopefully we, have batted better than .500."

The following is the evening programme and awards:—

PROGRAMME

O CANADA FOLLOWED BY INVOCATION PRAYER

CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS

HEADMASTER'S REPORT

Songs by Senior School Choir

Art thou troubled? Music will calm thee

G. F. Handel

Something to sing about

Oscar Brand

O Canada (bi-lingual version)

Madame Ouelet

ADDRESS BY

HIS WORSHIP M. L. TUCKER, D.S.O.

PRESENTATION OF GRADUATION DIPLOMAS

Timothy E. Ainley	Eric S. Homovitch	John N. McLeod
H. Brandon Ayre	Matthew S. Honnon	Peter R. Nores
Hugh W. Blakely	Sven O. Hurum	Patrick R. Nelson
David C. N. Cahn	G. James Jennings	Mark A. Newton
Jeremy Clark	R. William Kilgour	Thomas L. Oliver
Neil M. Cryer	Mark S. Lazar	Edward K. Pitula
Michael E. Darling	James A. Light	Robert A. G. Seely
Daniel R. G. Delmar	John M. Maase	Gregory E. J. Sheppard
John S. A. Despic	Donald G. Monteith	Roger W. Snowball
John A. C. Drummond	John O. McCutcheon	J. Mason Tyler
R. Borry Graham	James C. McDougall	R. Pierre Viger
Peter Hadekel	Brian J. N. McKenzie	P. Gregory Weil
Voledictorian	— Heod Prefect	— P. Gregory Weil

PRESENTATION OF AWARDS

PRIZE LIST

Form IIIA	1st Geoffrey Hole	2nd Jones McCallum
Form IIIB	1st Nicholas Beole	2nd Michel Le Gall
Form IVA	1st David Clorke	2nd David Knight
Form IVB	1st Stephen Eyre	2nd Ion Shore
Form VA	1st Norman Tobias	2nd Peter Kivestu
Form VB	1st Nicholas Spillane	2nd Anthony Tyler
Form VIA	1st Nicholas Bala	2nd John Pearce
Form VIB	1st Brion Ludgote	2nd Guy Tombs
Form VIIA	1st Peter Hodekel	2nd John Despic
Form VIIB	1st Robert Seely	2nd Michael Darling

SPECIAL PRIZES

Distinction in Senior French
(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Molson)
Peter Hadekel

Distinction in Senior Mathematics
(Presented by Mr. Colin Moseley)
Robert Seely

Distinction in Literature
Robert Seely

Distinction in Latin
(Louis Tunick Lazar Memorial)
Peter Hadekel

Distinction in Middle School French
(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. J. LeNormand)
James McCallum Geoffrey Hale

Distinction in 4th Form Mathematics
(Presented by Mrs. G. R. H. Sims)
Christopher Orvig

Distinction in Fifth Form Geography
Peeter Kivestu

Distinction in Sixth Form Science
(Presented by Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton Baxter)
Nicholas Bala

Public Speaking Prize
(Presented by Hon. Mr. Justice G. M. Hyde)
Gregory Sheppard

Distinction in History
Jeremy Clark

Distinction in Creative Writing
(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Carsley)
Eric Hamovitch

Prize for General Excellence
(Presented by Mr. T. H. P. Molson)
Donald Monteith

Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen Memorial Awards
(Presented anonymously)

Peter Hadekel
Michael Goldbloom

Brandan Ayre
Jahn Mappin

Michael Darling
Howard Winfield

Distinction in Form III Choir

(Presented by Mrs. Anson McKim)

Jay Rankin

The Selwyn House Chronicle Cup

Geoffrey Hale

Magazine Contest Award (Senior)

Peter Hadekel

Dramatics Prize

(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bogert)

Jean Selye

Andre T  lio

Head Prefect's Cup

Gregory Weil

House Captains' Cups

Brian McKenzie

Sven Hurum

John Drummond

Peter Hadekel

Medal for Outstanding Achievement in House Competition

Senior School

(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Kairis)

Peter Hadekel

The Nesbitt Cup (for inter-House Competition in General Activities)

Speirs House

The Anstey Cup (for inter-House Academic Competition)

Lucas House

The LeMoine Trophy (for inter-House Competition in Debating)

Speirs House

The Governors' Shield (for over-all ascendancy in Inter-House Competition)

Speirs House

The Jock Barclay Memorial Trophy (for all-round ability in Middle School)

Greg. Meadowcroft

The Ernst Brandl Memorial Trophy (for outstanding Esprit de Corps in Fifth Form)

Norman Tobias

The Redpath Herald Award

History Club

P. Hadekel

E. Hamovitch

S. Patch

G. Sheppard

The Governor-General's Bronze Medal (for Academic Distinction in Senior School)

Robert Seely

The Thomas Chalmers Brainerd Memorial Award

(Presented by Mr. Charles Lineaweaver)

Gregory Weil

The Jeffrey Russel Prize

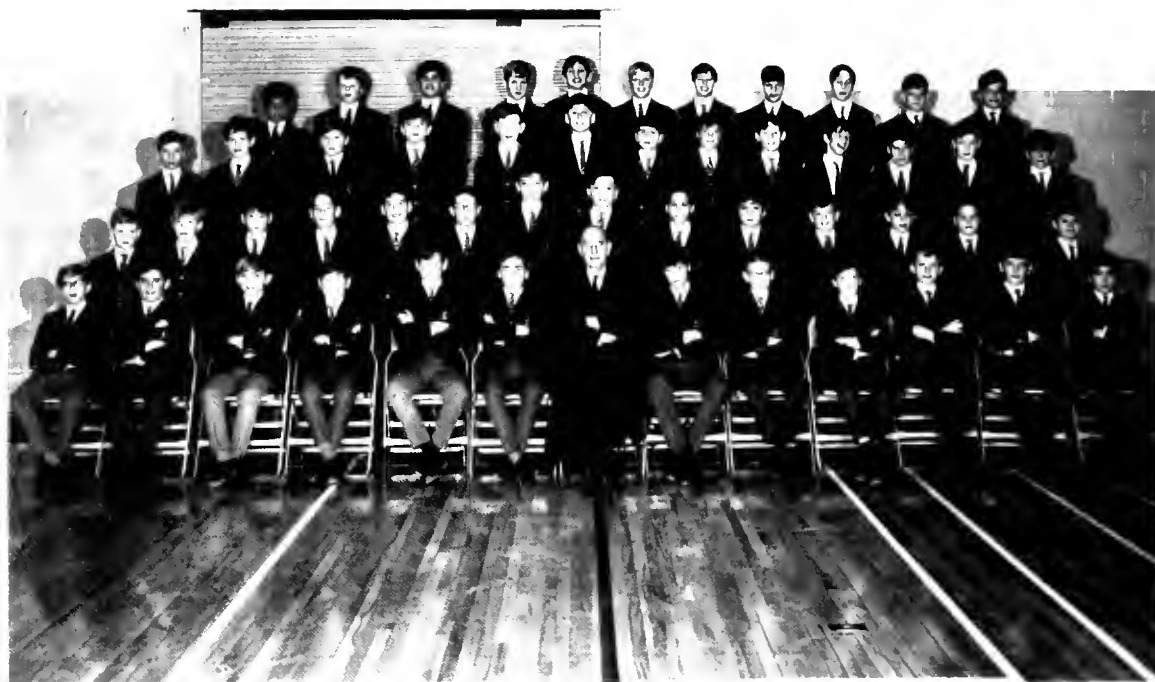
(Awarded for all-round ability and presented by Mrs. H. Y. Russel)

Mason Tyler

The Lucas Medal

(Awarded to the most outstanding boy in the Senior Form of the School in work, games, leadership and character, on vote of Staff and his fellow-students)

Gregory Weil



SENIOR CHOIR



JUNIOR SCHOOL CHOIR

Carol Service

As our gymnasium was not available as an auditorium this year due to the new construction, we were accorded the privilege of holding the annual Carol Service in St. Andrew's United Church, Westmaunt. This made a beautiful setting for the fine singing that our choirs under the direction of Mr. Gordon Phillips, always present. The only drawback was that the time of 5.00 p.m. reduced the size of our 'audience.' We are very grateful to the Reverend E. A. Kirker and the congregation of St. Andrews for allowing us to hold the service in their beautiful church.

The following boys sang as soloists:—R. Hall, W. Bockler, D. McKeawn, S. Heathcote, E. Stevenson, C. Shannon, J. Goodall, G. Roper, A. Stewart, B. Chambers, A. Saletes, N. Matheson, M. Culver, N. Bird, M. Roper, T. Claxton, C. Gardon, G. Tambs, F. Nemec and H. Carter.

The School Choir

Prizewinners last June in the various Farm Choirs were as follows:—

Farm III Jay Rankin

Farm II William Gauld

Farm I Neil Bird

Farm A Christopher Shannon

Farm B Brian Wolvin

Competition was very keen and congratulations are extended to all the above on winning their awards. During the year Speirs House accumulated the most points by a large margin.

We are most happy to announce that Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Hale have given us a beautiful shield for Inter-House Competition in Choral work. This is a trophy for which we have always had an urgent need and we are deeply grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Hale for their generous gift. On their insistence it will be named the F. Gordon Phillips Trophy and, on it, each year, will be engraved the name of the winning House, and of the outstanding character in the Senior School. This year the competition is extremely close and, at the time of writing, Macaulay is leading by one point with Lucas in last place only eight points behind. The final result will depend on the composition of the Prizegiving Choir and the Prize winners.



Wine and cheese function for new extension in new gym



East side showing extension — 1st Floor - Gym — 2nd Floor - Classrooms

The Extension of the School

After a strenuous financial campaign, the school has been reorganized and enlarged. Three modern laboratories and an art room and five new class rooms were built. The gymnasium's size was doubled. A subterranean locker room appeared. To link up these areas, a new stairway was constructed.

The official opening of the "new" school was on February 11th. A wine and cheese party was held in the new gym to honour the occasion. Parents seemed very satisfied with the outcome of such extensive additions. Some were so impressed that they said they would give 10% more to the school than they had planned.

The many additional facilities of course give a broader and more enjoyable education and will prove very valuable in a fast growing world.



Debating

The twenty-second Selwyn House Oratorical Society commenced its year in the month of September 1968. The society under the direction of Mr. Hill, elected its executives at this first meeting. The following appointments were made:

President: Narman Tobias
 Vice-President: Michael O'Hearn
 Secretary: Peeter Kivestu
 Treasurer: Peter Genzel
 Time-Keeper: Bruce Fox

House Debating: First Round
 Resolved that marijuana should be legalized.

Affirmative: Lucas House — Peter Genzel and Michael Dawes.

Negative: Speirs House — Narman Tobias and Campbell Hendery.

Resolved that the Pope's Encyclical is justified from the Roman Catholic point of view.

Affirmative: Wanstall — John Fricker and Peeter Kivestu.

Negative: Macaulay — Michael O'Hearn and John Mappin.

Mr. Moodey judged Lucas to be the winner of the first debate and Macaulay and Wanstall to be tied in the second debate.

House Debating: Second Round

Resolved that a World Government should be established.

Affirmative: Macaulay House — Tony Warren and Guy Tombs.

Negative: Speirs House — Norman Tobias and Timothy Dumper.

Mr. Moodey judged Speirs to be the winner.

Public Speaking

The finals of the annual Public Speaking contest were held on 11th February. There were five speakers each of whom was to give a five minute speech on the topic of his choice. John Benbow chaired the meeting. The speakers and their topics were:

SCOTT DISHER — "On Vita Cares"
 PETER GENZEL — "On a Misconception"
 MICHAEL O'HEARN — "On Nervousness"
 JOHN SELYE — "On Pomposity"
 NORMAN TOBIAS — "On a Sense of Humour"

Mr. Egan Chambers kindly consented to judge the competition, and after hearing all the speeches, complimented the speakers on the fine quality of their material and planning. He offered some well received suggestions and announced the winner, although he emphasized that the marks were very close. Peter Genzel and Scott Disher were declared the winners, followed closely by John Selye in second place and Norman Tobias and Michael O'Hearn in third.

N.C.T.

WINNER OF THE PUBLIC SPEAKING
COMPETITION

A Misconception

It is my firm belief that in the good old days oxen had bigger heads, pigs had better meat, and it rained less.

Ah yes, the good old days. Why, those were the days of good personal freedom. Those were the days when the individual still counted as someone. Yes, I remember how I roamed the streets during the depression years. I didn't belong to any of that trade union stuff, you know. We were all our own masters in those good old days . . . and that's more than I can say for today's dehumanized and mechanized society, you know. In my youth, we had a decent education. Those were the days of the right pupil-teacher relationship. Why, if we failed a test, we'd be taken into a back room, and be beaten with a hazel brush. And today, well today, we give the young one a mental examination and say he has an "emotional stumbling block". I have never heard of such drivel. If you spare the rod, you spoil the child. After all, look what happened with those nose-picking trouble makers at Sir George Williams University. A good licking on the bee-hind would have stopped all this trouble forever.

Ah yes, how I long for the peace of the good old days. Those were the days when the family was still intact. Every Sunday we used to get into our little old locomobile town coupé, and take a bumpy ride to my grandparents. Then we'd sit there for the whole afternoon, drink tea, twiddle our thumbs, and hear Dad talk about the Great War. No sir, there was no generation gap then. And those rides to grandma were fun, too, you know. Why, those were the days of true autocar excitement. We would take our old locomobile town coupé, and fly along the country roads — you should have seen those farm hands jump (—why, my uncle killed two of them). Yes, those were the good old days.

And don't think from what I've just said that there was no law and order in those days. Believe me, when I see today's youth on the rampage, and them negroes causing trouble in the ghettos, I wish I were back in the good old days. We didn't let those negroes cause any trouble then — and if they did, the strong arm of the law descended upon them, and gave them a . . . ah, lynching's the word. Gentlemen, that kept them in place . . . and you know, the stories of Bonnie and Clyde, the Dillinger Kid, Al Capone, the Mobsters — these stories have all been exaggerated by the Communists. Sure, these people terrorized the west, but folks, they killed for a living, not like today's thugs who do it for kicks. Yes — how codes of conduct change for the worse. Ladies and Gentlemen, I liked the good healthy atmosphere in those days. Everyone was happy.

And today — how do we get our happiness today? Why, when I go along same downtown street, I see all these lurid, lecherous, and corrupting movie ads, and you young ones ogling at them, and you teen-agers necking in the parks, and . . . folks, it isn't a laughing matter. In the old days, this kind of immorality didn't exist. No sir — and if you did neck, you at least did it in the back seat of your locomobile town coupé — modestly parked beside a deserted scrapyard. We were decent about it and hushed it up — yes folks, I warn you, you are witnessing the Decline of Western Civilization as we know it today. Except for us churchgoing folk, everyone is destined to roast in hell as a pervert.

Yes, I guess the times really are a changing, though for the worse . . . and nobody seems to lament this except for us older folks. And so, we alone, folks, we alone cling to our unshakeable belief that in the good old days oxen had bigger heads, pigs had better meat, and it rained less.

Oh, did I tell you how the individual . . .

— Peter Genzel

S.H.S. EXAMINER

SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL, QUEBEC

THE S.H.S. EXAMINER:

The S. H. S. EXAMINER, the school newspaper of Selwyn House School, is published once a month. Responsible for the paper during the 1968 - 1969 session were the boys from Form 1A under the supervision of the Form Master — Mr. Seville.

Specific duties, such as Editor in Chief; Sports Editor; Arts Editor; and Jokes and Games Editor were allocated to various boys in the class. A flurry of activity was always evident prior to the deadline for submission of articles to the paper.

Each edition of the S. H. S. EXAMINER contained a variety of articles and information.

There were editorials, interviews with Masters, interviews with Senior Boys, sports news, current events, games and jokes.

The undertaking of the S. H. S. EXAMINER was a big job, especially for a Form I Class (Grade 5.) It was an exciting and rewarding experience, however. Much was learned in the various techniques of reporting, interviewing, writing and editing.

Judging from all reports, the paper seems to have been a success. A profit of close to \$30.00 was realized from sales of the paper. The money was turned over to the Special Projects Committee.



OFFICE OF THE PRIME MINISTER • CABINET DU PREMIER MINISTRE

O T T A W A,
February 27, 1969.

Dear Mr. Seville:

The Prime Minister has asked me to acknowledge and thank you for your letter of February 7, 1969, in which you request an opportunity to interview him for your school newspaper.

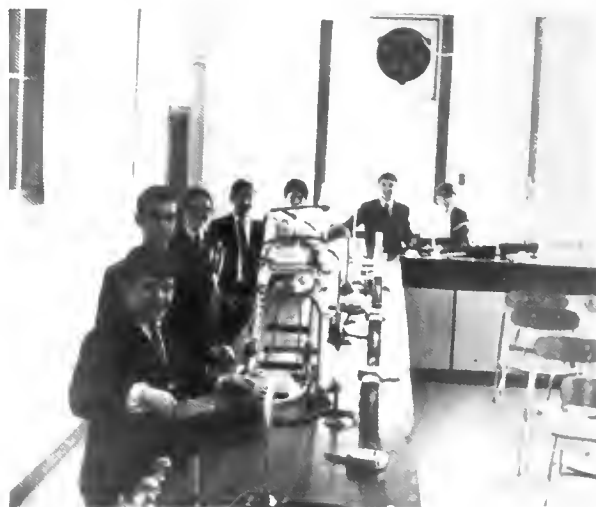
While the Prime Minister would like to be able to meet with you, he very much regrets that his schedule for the year is so crowded that he is unable to add to his existing commitments at the present time.

Mr. Trudeau has asked me to thank you for your thoughtfulness in writing to him, and to convey to you and the students and staff of Selwyn House School his best regards and warmest greetings.

Yours sincerely,

G. J. Cook (Mrs.),
Appointments Secretary.

Mr. L. I. Seville,
Form 1A Master,
Selwyn House School,
95 Cote St. Antoine Road,
Westmount 6, P.Q.



Science Fair

The Form III Science Fair was held in early January of this year. The exhibits, which totalled some 18 in number, were judged by Mr. A. Buckmaster, President of the Québec Chemistry Teachers Association. Mr. Buckmaster found the quality of the entries so high that he experienced considerable difficulty in making a decision. However, after some time, the following prizes were awarded:

1st Prize to John Odell and Fraser Elliott.

2nd Prize to Charles Rohlicek and John Hastings.

3rd Prize to Malcolm Kilgour and Michael Weil.

The winning project was a study in streamlining of automobiles and traced the development of the science from the 1920's to the present.

The second prize was a demonstration of the principles of the electric motor in which the magnetic fields of the various coils was cleverly and simply shown.

The third prize was a dramatic and effective demonstration of the electric safety fuse.

The Fair was judged a great success and it will be repeated in the coming School Session.

A Report on the Electronics Club of 1969

This year, for the first time in the history of Selwyn, we decided to run a fully organised electronics club that could be open to any member of Form VI. It was formed to teach boys who were interested in the topic of Physics, the basics of the wide and fast growing electronics field. Introductory kits were purchased from Heathkit to help the boys understand these fundamental laws and formulae as well as make learning them a great deal more interesting.

Some of the wonders of electronics were shown to the members of the club when we went on several really fantastic tours. The first of these tours took us out to Dorval where we were shown around the huge Air Canada Base. Here we saw how the engines were assembled, how the pilots were trained, the modern methods of overhauling the jets and innumerable other machines used for the upkeep of planes. Our second tour was to the Canadian Marconi Company. This was particularly interesting to us because we could actually see how the parts that we were using in our kits

were made, to say nothing of the millions of ways in which they were being used in telecommunications. Several more tours have been planned for the third term, including one to the General Motors Assembly plant in Ste. Thérèse.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the parents of the members and the teachers who so kindly chauffeured us to and from these tours, and I hope that they benefitted from them as much as we did.

The Executive of the Club are; President - Tony Tyler, Vice President - Richard Earle, and Treasurer - Tomi Lang. I would like to thank Richard, Tomi and especially Mr. Ashworth for all their efforts this year with the Club. The other members are: John Alsop, Gerry Boswell, Bruce Doulton, Tim Dumper, Brian Gentles, J. D. Light, George Stinnes, Nicholas Spillane, Steven Schouella, Logan Savard and Mark Walker.

ANTHONY TYLER,
President, Electronics Club.

SHS Rocket Club

The rocket club is the newest and fastest growing organization of our students. It was started in February and there are already over forty members.

Model rocketry is a safe, educational and relatively inexpensive hobby. The rockets range from six inches to three feet in length, and are made from paper and balsa. When built properly, they can be launched repeatedly to an altitude between five and twenty-five hundred feet.

Model rocketry goes far beyond the elementary stage of launching single-staged rockets.

It teaches the same principles upon which the U.S. space program is based.

The rocket club is planning to have several launching meets in spring and fall each year. Each meet will be under adult supervision. Most of the launching sites will be just off the island of Montreal. Because of the tremendous interest shown in Middle and Senior Schools, I anticipate that the club will be a success, and will function for many years to come.

J. Brian LUDGATE

THE ARTS CLUB

This is the first year for an Arts Club in Selwyn House. Under the supervision of Mr. Ankum and Mr. Burgess its members have tried to gain a fundamental understanding of what Montreal has to offer in the Art World. The Club has concentrated on the visual arts, but in the creative art field we have had some activity also.

We started the club by visiting a display of kinetic sculpture by François Dallegret, an experimental designer, inventor, and art fictionaliser, who integrates mechanics, electronics, and science into art design. Among his works are designs of electrical clothes, super dragsters, furniture, and adult toys.

We went to see an exhibit of Henry Moore's sculptures at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. We learned that when Moore makes a sculpture, first he makes a miniature model, called a maquette, which is used as a mold to form a hollow, metal duplicate. Thus it is the duplicate, not the original carving, that becomes the work of art.

A Montreal artist, George Uhaz, came to our school and demonstrated his brand of artistic expression. Using various colors and shapes of plexiglass, he welds them together using a glue which dissolves the materials. One of his creations now stands in a Montreal Metro station.

Another, which he made during his visit, has taken its place in our school's new art room.

We were recently shown around an exhibition of Rembrandt and his contemporaries. We learned of some of the distinguishing traits of Rembrandt's style, and saw his influence in the works of his students. We wish to thank Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Scott, who acted as guides on three occasions and made our tours interesting and educational.

Some members of the Arts Club have created their own works of art. Three boys submitted entries to the United Nations Art Contest, each entry portraying some aspect of the Declaration of Human Rights.

The Arts Club recently gave a showing of five movies made by two of its members. Guy Tombs and Jean Selye had spent many hours filming and editing these movies, using serious themes, humorous plots, and imaginative filming techniques. One film had more than one hundred splicings! When music was synchronized with the films, they were very enjoyable. The duo has plans for future movie-making, and we wish them luck. We think they have great potential.

John FRICKER
and J. Brian LUDGATE

The Student's Committee

Contrary to the opinions of some, the Students' Committee was formed this year as a representative student body, its function being to present and discuss issues concerning the students and the administration. To this end, the Committee has been successful. The concept held by others, apparently, was that the Students' Committee should be a radical, opinionated faction, willing to use any means to impress their proposals upon other people. By no means should the Committee be a "Puppet Council" as many individuals believe it is. If these people are sufficiently firm in their convictions, they should try to change this image. By retrospection, one can see that those who had a distorted impression of the Students' Committee were the individuals who lacked enthusiasm and were to apathetic to examine more closely the role of the Committee.

If the students feel that the Students' Committee is not wholly representative of their opinions, every effort should be made by students to achieve a committee purely representative of students. The fact that the Committee is made up of nine elected class captains in addition to house

captains is sufficient support to the contention that the Committee is representative.

Again, if students feel that the Committee is not dynamic or sufficiently stubborn in requesting changes, then it is their responsibility to alter the function, or if all else fails, to dissolve the Committee.

However, to do this is nothing more than an admission of defeat in the struggle for student representation, and as such, it would be a denial of the opportunity to air their opinions.

In a private institution, financially maintained by parents and not students, the latter should respect a forum for their opinions as a privilege rather than a basic right.

If this resumé of the Students' Committee appears conservative by modern standards, it is because I believe that more can be achieved, in any course, by debate and compromise.

If the Students' Committee is conducted with these principles in mind, rather than depending on strength in numbers, it will be a more effective institution.

Jon BENBOW

THE PROS AND CONS OF CANING

PRO

At the present time corporal punishment is an integral part of the disciplinary system of this school. What is its purpose, and does it fulfil that purpose? Why is corporal punishment used? Should corporal punishment be abolished in this school? I propose to examine and answer these questions.

Corporal punishment is used to discipline the wrongdoers of our school. As much, it is supposed to cause them to realize and right their wrongdoing and avoid such wrongdoing in the future. In this way it is extremely effective since nobody goes around looking for a caning. On the other hand, there is some abuse of the system by masters who cane for trivial offences. This reduces the effectiveness of the system since caning should be an unusual punishment to be fully effective.

Corporal punishment is used because it takes advantage of a protective device that has been built into us by ages of evolution, that is, pain. This is an obvious mechanism to use to insure discipline and aid training.

Finally, should corporal punishment be abolished in this school? I believe it should not. If corporal punishment is to be abolished, it must be replaced by another system such as maturity of the boys. Therefore, we might as well retain corporal punishment because the school will never reach such a plane of maturity since there will always be that one in the crowd who ruins things for the rest of the people. If this sort of situation disappears, it will then be the time to take action, but not now since corporal punishment is necessary and therefore, still used.

— Stewart PATCH

CON

Why is caning retained at SHS?

Is it a plot to have a fear eternally hovering in the air to keep the "boys" out of mischief or from inciting a rebellion?

There is a cause. Otherwise, it would have disappeared long ago. It is a disciplinary measure so that it is logical to think that it is still used for disciplinary reasons.

Since we have maintained why it is still in use, we must proceed to the more personal side. Is this beating, either by fishing rod, horsecrop, or ruler really effective? Does the recipient, obviously bruised physically and mentally, become a so-called "better person" after the thrashing?

The conditioned Selwyn Houser laughs at the question grotesquely, out of fear, enjoyment, or just plain stupidity while the non-Selwyn Houser answers a flat "no!"

The answer is, oddly enough, "no," to the surprise of the SHSer.

Among numerous cases in a current study, the recipients showed either no reaction save an increased disrespect of the master responsible, or being very emotional, began to hate him. Rarely did the student seriously admit that he had truly

learned something from the experience (about one in thirty cases). Before each such punishment, the perceptive teacher should analyze the pupil, and see if he has found that unusual student, and go right ahead and see what happens.

Continued subjection to this sort of treatment produces a type of immunity — no result. This happens after about three times. Anyone can see that if Joe Schmoe has been caned twenty-five times as one senior has, there is no point in making that twenty-six.

Most of the canings are to these multiple-case boys. If a student reaches four canings, it is quite foreseeable that he will go on to ten or more experiences, each leading to the next as a reaction, and all pointing toward an extreme laissez-faire attitude.

A suitable and effective alternative would be some truly constructive work, perhaps in the line of maintenance of the school, washing floors for example. This would work much better than any grotesque caning.

Let's face it readers, no one deserves this type of brutality.

— Guy TOMBS

Spring Session '69

Anybody who has an eye for persuasive business tactics would readily admit that the success of Spring Session '69 depended on Mr. Ashworth's psychedelic tickets. These tickets and the lapel buttons, (designed by someone who prefers to remain anonymous,) were the factors in deciding the ultimate success of Spring Session '69.

The idea of having a venture somewhat similar to a high school winter carnival surprised many people. The Spring Session Committee, after six weeks of running around in circles, spent the last week running in a straight line, to the end that Spring Session '69 was finally organised on March 20, 21, 22.

A debate, volleyball games, a chicken dinner, a dance, and a ski trip was what Spring Session '69 was all about. If people enjoyed themselves, then as far as the Committee is concerned, Spring Session was successful.

Career Talks

This year the career talks involved Law, Teaching, and Science.

Mr. Justice Gold came to us in the fall to discuss, humorously, the problems and rewards of law as a profession. He stressed that being bilingual was essential if one intended to be a lawyer in Québec.

Later that term Mr. Harley, from MacDonald College discussed the different educational requirements of teaching in Québec and about various places where a teaching degree could be received. He advised getting a B.A. before beginning to teach.

In the Easter term Mr. Light gave us a detailed account of the mechanical technology in which he is involved (draftsmanship, etc.). He posed interesting puzzles that were the type encountered by a draftsman.

G.M.T.

JUNIOR FIREFIGHTERS COURSE

Again this year the Westmount Fire Department held a course for Junior Firefighters and twelve boys from Selwyn House attended this course. The course included lectures, movies and demonstration of various fire-fighting apparatus and equipment. The boys enjoyed this course very much and are much indebted to Deputy Chief Motard and his men for the helpful and interesting time.

On March 24th graduating exercises were held at which time the following boys received certificates and plaques: —

John Flemming	Paul Baillargeon
Byron Onassis	Jeffrey Kenwood
Paul Tinari	Charles Rider
Nicholas Rose	Saxe Brickenden
Peter Stolting	Alex. Just
David Creighton	Nick. Roberts

TRIBUNE LIBRE

Nietzsche, in "the future of Educational Institutions", made the following statement, regarding the methods of teaching languages: "People deal with it as if it were dead languages . . . the living body of language is sacrificed for the sake of anatomical study".

His voice cried in the wilderness, as it is only since the recent development of linguistics and psychology that the approach to the teaching of languages has been totally renewed. Linguists do not believe any more in the use of analytical methods, as a language is now being considered as a set of behaviour patterns within a particular cultural context, "un découpage particulier de la réalité"; its purpose is to **communicate** rather than to provide a source of esthetic joy.

Since natural language is spoken language, the emphasis has been placed on an audio-oral approach: "La langue est avant tout une réalité orale".

Various methods are now being offered, that want to provide this required automaticity, this instant availability, — of a Mc Luhanian quality — in handling the various elements of language; the "principes de base" being derived from the various discoveries regarding the acquisitions of the mother tongue:

- 1) the learning of structures rather than vocabulary
- 2) the importance of rhythm and intonation
- 3) passage to the written forms, pure transposition of the "chaîne parlée", taking place after the establishment of a solid linguistic base.

We feel that "Bonjour Line" (an adaptation of the structuro-global audio-visual of St-Cloud for children), BECAUSE:

- 1) it presents utterances always in context,
- 2) it is programmed and introduces linguistic difficulties progressively,
- 3) it provides a constant, unchanging model for repetition and phonetic correction,
- 4) it can be used without any intervention of translation **is the most efficient method** we can offer to our pupils.

They will not become bilingual, as bilingualism — if it exists — cannot be acquired in a class room milieu but, they will acquire, within the class room, in the course of a 3 year program (providing that certain conditions are fulfilled) a definite spontaneity in oral expression and a fluency that was impossible to obtain with the old traditional method.

JANINE DORLAND.



SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL GRADUATING CLASS 1969



Robert Green



D. W. Runkle



J. C. Brown



J. C. Campbell



J. C. Burt



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



R. J. Chance



J. T. Hester



J. S. Blye



J. S. Blye



J. S. Blye



J. S. Blye



J. S. Blye



J. S. Blye



J. S. Blye

Handwritten note or signature.

Graduating Class

NICHOLAS BALA

Bantam Football, Junior Debating, Boxing, Senior Football, Junior Rugger, Full Prefect, Vice-Captain of Macaulay

Form IIIB-first; Form IVA-second; Form VA-first; Form VIA-first, Science Prize

JONATHAN BENBOW

Bantam Hockey, Junior Debating, Bantam Football, Junior Rugger, Senior Football, Senior Hockey, Vice-Pres. of Student Committee, Head Prefect

DUNCAN CAMPBELL

Bantam Football, Junior Debating, Bantam Hockey, Ski Team, Senior Football, Senior Hockey, Captain of Macaulay, Assistant Head Prefect

Form III-Jock Barclay Memorial Trophy, Cassils Memorial Trophy; Form IVA-first; Form VA-second, Ernst Brandl Memorial Trophy

ROBERT CHANCER

Boxing, Bantam Football, Junior Rugger, Track Team, Senior Football

BRIAN CLARKE

Arts Club, Acting Prefect

JAMES COPPING

Bantam Hockey, Senior Hockey, Senior Football

DOUGLAS DAWSON

Senior Soccer, Acting Prefect

JOHN FRICKER

Pres. of Arts Club, Senior Soccer, Gym Squad, Acting Prefect

JOHN GROSSMAN

Bantam Football, Bantam Hockey, Senior Football, Senior Hockey, Full Prefect, Captain of Speirs, Vice-Pres. of Student Committee

ROY HASTINGS

Boxing, Junior Debating, Bantam Hockey, Junior Rugger, Track Team, Senior Soccer, Vice-Captain of Wanstall, Full Prefect

WALTER LOVELL

Bantam Football, Senior Soccer, Ski Team, Vice-Captain of Speirs

BRIAN LUDGATE

Arst Club, Acting Prefect, Vice-Captain of Lucas Form VIB-first

JOHN MAPPIN

Junior Debating, Boxing, Bantam Football, Acting Prefect

STEPHEN MILLER

Bantam Football, Junior Debating, Boxing, Senior Football

JAY NICHOLSON

Senior Football, Senior Hockey, Acting Prefect

STEWART PATCH

Junior Debating, History Club
Form VB-second

JOHN PEARCE

Full Prefect
Form IVB-second; Form VB-first, Geography Prize;
Form VIA-second

ANDREW PHILLIPS

Junior Debating, Senior Soccer, Acting Prefect

BRIAN ROY

Bantam Football, Bantam Hockey, Senior Football, Senior Hockey, Junior Rugger, Pres. of Student Committee, Full Prefect, Captain of Wanstall

DAVID RUNKLE

Senior Football, Junior Rugger, Assistant Head Prefect

DAVID SCHOUCLA

Senior Soccer, Acting Prefect

PETER SCOTT

Bantam Football, Bantam Hockey, Senior Football, Senior Hockey, Arts Club, Acting Prefect

DONALD SKELTON

Bantam Football, Track Team, Senior Football, Full Prefect, Captain of Lucas

JEAN SELYE

Arts Club

ANDRE TELIO

Junior Debating, Senior Soccer, Senior Football, Acting Prefect

GUY TOMBS

Senior Soccer, Arts Club, Acting Prefect. Editor School Magazine
Form IVB-first; Form VIB-second

GORDON USHER-JONES

Bantam Football, Bantam Hockey, Senior Football, Acting Prefect

HOWARD WINFIELD

Bantam Football, Senior Football, Acting Prefect

BRIAN WITKOV

Junior Debating, Bantam Football, Senior Football, Acting Prefect



SPORTS DAY 1968

On May 27, 1968 Selwyn House went to Molson Stadium for its annual Sports Day. On hand was the Montréal Canadiens ace centre, Jean Béliveau, as the guest of honour. The beautiful day was highlighted by Nick Bala winning the mile race. Michael Reed and Donald Skelton battled it out on the short distances breaking many long standing records. It was a great day for such exciting competition.

SPORTS PRIZES

75 yards (9 years)	1st Robert Stein	2nd David Demers
75 yards (8 years)	1st Robert Hall	2nd Robert Tetrault
75 yards (7 years)	1st Jonathan Pearson	2nd John Embiricas
75 yards (6 years)	1st Keith Danaldson	2nd Pierre Coad
100 yards (10 years)	1st Timothy Marchant	2nd Richard Vaughan
100 yards (11 years)	1st Michael Weil	2nd Anthony Sehan
100 yards (12 years)	Huntly Stratford	2nd William Turner
100 yards (13 years)	1st Sass Khazzam	2nd David Knight
100 yards (14 years)	1st Craig Shannan	2nd Stephen Ludgate
100 yards (15 years)	1st Michael Reade	2nd Donald Skelton
100 yards (open)	1st Thomas Oliver	2nd Duncan Campbell
220 yards (under 16 years)	1st Michael Reade	2nd Craig Shannan
220 yards (open)	1st Brian McKenzie	2nd Thomas Oliver
440 yards (under 16 years)	1st Craig Shannan	2nd Donald Skelton
440 yards (open)	1st Brian McKenzie	2nd Mason Tyler
880 yards (under 16 years)	1st Guy Mayer	2nd David McDaugall
880 yards (open)	1st Brian McKenzie	2nd Nicholas Bala
One Mile (open)	1st Nicholas Bala	2nd Mason Tyler
Broad Jump (under 14 years)	1st Norman Stark	2nd David Knight
Broad Jump (under 16 years)	1st Norman Tobias	2nd Michael Reade
Broad Jump (open)	1st Brandon Ayre	2nd Brian McKenzie
High Jump (under 14 years)	1st Norman Stark	2nd Sass Khazzam
High Jump (under 16 years)	1st Norman Tobias	2nd Craig Shannan
High Jump (open)	1st William Kilgour	2nd John Grossman
Shot-put (under 14 years)	1st Michael Parker	2nd Sass Khazzam
Shot-put (under 16 years)	1st Edward Segalowitz	2nd Peter Scott
Shot-put (open)	1st Peter Nares	2nd Brian Roy

Relay Races: Junior A, Speirs; Junior B, Macaulay; Intermediate B, Wanstall;
Intermediate A, Lucas; Senior B, Masaulay; Senior A, Lucas.

Sisters' Race	Winner: Jennifer McKeown
Brothers' Race	Winner: Gregory Box
Father, Mother and Son Race	Winners: The Flemming Family
Swimming Awards	Brian McKenzie; Richard Earle; John Hastings.

Skiing Awards: Intermediate Giant Slalom, William Ainley; Intermediate Slalom,
William Ainley; Senior Giant Slalom, Barry Graham; Senior
Slalom, Barry Graham.

Junior Awards (presented by Mrs. A. K. L. Eaves): Best All Round, Andrew Purvis;
Most Improved, Hartland
Andrews.

The Junior Sportsman's Cup (Cassils Memorial Cup)	Norman Stark
The Sportsman's Cup (McMaster Memorial Trophy)	Gregory Weil
Victor Ludorum	Brian McKenzie
Gillespie Cup (Soccer)	Speirs House
Creighton Cup (Hockey)	Wanstall House
The Pitcher Trophy (Individual Sports)	Speirs House



UNDER 14 SOFTBALL TEAM 1968

Team Record. LCC 12 - SHS 9

Ashbury 3 - SHS 8

Westmount All Stars 0 - SHS 4

LCC 7 - SHS 10

LCC 15 - SHS 8

Westmount All Stars 4 - SHS 3

There were several firsts this year. It was the first time this team had played as many games, with as varied opposition and the first time we have had an away trip. It was also the first time in our league that a shut-out has been recorded.

Our victories came from playing calm, competent baseball with few errors. Our defeats came when we played error filled baseball. The story of the season was inconsistency. With the excep-

tion of Jamie Boyd, Chip Ford and Jon Goldbloom, the individual efforts were as inconsistent as the teams performance overall.

The team : — Don Shannon P
 Jamie Boyd P - LF
 Richard Tetrault C
 Lock Pawlick C - RF
 Mike Parker 1B
 Bill Ainley 2B
 Jon Goldbloom 2B
 David Knight SS
 Chip Ford 3B
 Norm Stark CF
 Greg Meadowcroft OF
 Robbie Pawlick OF

THB.

SENIOR FOOTBALL NOTES 1968

Out of a possible 70 boys who are eligible to play football only 15 showed up to play for the team. This wasn't even enough for two units, meaning some boys had to play both ways all the time. However we stuck together and were able to have a very good team spirit.

SELWYN HOUSE vs STANSTEAD — WON 25 - 12

Our first game of the season was played in a torrid heat at Stanstead College. A balanced offence and defence quickly put us ahead by two touchdowns. Then John Grossman sustained a severe knee injury that unfortunately put him out of action for the remainder of the season. Duncan Campbell was called upon to lead the team, and with a medley of only two plays, as well as the strong running of both Benbow and Shannon, we managed to score two more touchdowns and win the game.

SELWYN HOUSE vs ASHBURY — LOST 48 - 0

The second game of the year was the worst of any. Ashbury ran around us, under us, over us, and even through us. However during the last minutes of the game we started to move the ball on passes. The drive started at our twenty yard line with Shannon and Copping making some amazing catches. We managed to get to their twenty yard line in about six plays but the whistle blew to end the game. The final score was 48-0.

SELWYN HOUSE vs BISHOP'S — WON 26 - 0

The third game was the best of the season. We were in a two game total point series against Bishop's for the Norsworthy Cup. Thanks to the great blocking of the line and the fine running of Shannon and Benbow we were able to take the lead. The first touchdown came on a 75 yard run by Shannon. The next one came on a 50 yard pass and run play between Roy and Shannon. The same two combined again on an extension play covering 10 yards for the score. To round off the scoring, a twenty yard pass was thrown to Copping. The defense led by Usher - Jones and Roy stopped Bishops three times on our 5 yard line. The final score was 26-0.

SELWYN HOUSE vs ASHBURY — LOST 18 - 0

The fourth game that we played was against Ashbury and was a much better game than our first encounter with them. If it was not for a couple of irrational plays we might have beaten them. We managed to keep them from scoring for most of the first half, but as they say you cannot keep a good team from scoring. The final score was 18-0.

SELWYN HOUSE vs BISHOPS — LOST 21 - 19

The second game of the total point series was played at Bishops. This was the closest game we played all year but we did not win. On the second play of the game, Bishops ran around the end for 60 yards and a touchdown. As soon as we had control of the ball we countered with Shannon for 45 yards, and the next play, he went over for the touchdown. It must be noted that John Benbow played his best game of the season in making some excellent runs up the middle and around the end. Miller and Scott made some fine defensive plays. The final score was 21-19 for them, but we managed to win over all 45-21 and to retain the Norsworthy Cup.

SELWYN HOUSE vs STANSTEAD — LOST 13 - 6

The final game was marred by penalties. Stanstead out-played us during the whole game and we were unable to get on track. They stopped our ground attack and when we dropped back to pass there was a tremendous rush which resulted in interceptions. The final score was 13-6.

Special mention must be made to Mr. Maclean and especially Mr. Anderson, who is not able to return to coaching due to his business. He has served the school faithfully for six years in both football and hockey. The boys whom he has coached have benefitted from his talent and his dynamic spirit.

Players on the team; Roy (captain), Usher-Jones (vice-captain) Campbell (vice-captain), Scott, Copping, Miller, Chancer, Skelton, Nicholson, Shannon, McCoy, Benbow, Winfield, Parker, Earle, Gentils, Chuckly, Witkov, Telio, and Grossman.

AWARDS

- 1) The most Valuable Player (the William Molson Trophy)
Captain Brian Roy
- 2) The Most Outstanding Lineman (The Bob Anderson Trophy)
Gordon Usher-Jones
- 3) Sports ties for valuable service to the Senior Football Team
Brian Roy
Gordon Usher-Jones
Craig Shonnon
Peter Scott.

SENIOR FOOTBALL

BANTAM FOOTBALL 1968

Annually, this section of our magazine makes the prophesy — **Wait Until Next Year** — and then recaps the successes and failures of the team. Once more the monotony of the seer's prediction is advanced. Once more we must wait until next year. Once more we have had a crushing season. However, **Next Year**, it is up to every individual who comes out for football to help prove that our school is worthy of being ranked as one of the best all-round schools in the province.

The success of any team sport depends upon the co-operation of the players, coaches, and spectators. There were, on the part of many players, many hours of work, much effort, and tremendous sacrifice. It requires **real desire** for a boy to come out for the team only to be subjected to the hard drills on fundamentals, to the hat exercises, and the repetitions of plays. To do all this and see your "friends" having "fun" is not much of a reward unless you happen to be on the team that after many frustrations, the light of victory suddenly shines, or you come up with an eighty yard run, or you make the key tackle. No, success for this year's team was not in the victories, but in the perseverance, the co-operation, and the desire in the face of the odds.

To depart from our annual form, we can look at the successes for these were the consequences of our losses — our failures. The games against Lower Canada, Wagar, and Bishop's were indications of the "esprit de corps" that the Bantams had. Though we lost to L.C.C., the blocking and the hard tackling were exceptionally good. It was the first time that everyone knew what the game of football was all about.

Toward the end of the season, we experienced our greatest success by holding our sectional winner to a 12 to 0 win. Once more, crisp blocking and savage tackling characterized the game. Truly (though we were defeated on the scoreboard), this was an exciting success.

Our final game, against B.C.S., was our only scoreboard victory and ended the season successfully in many senses. First, the victory was the obvious success. Second, all the hours of drills on blocking, tackling, and play timing paid dividends as everyone did an exceptional and flawless job. Finally, the moral success — the value of work — could be seen.

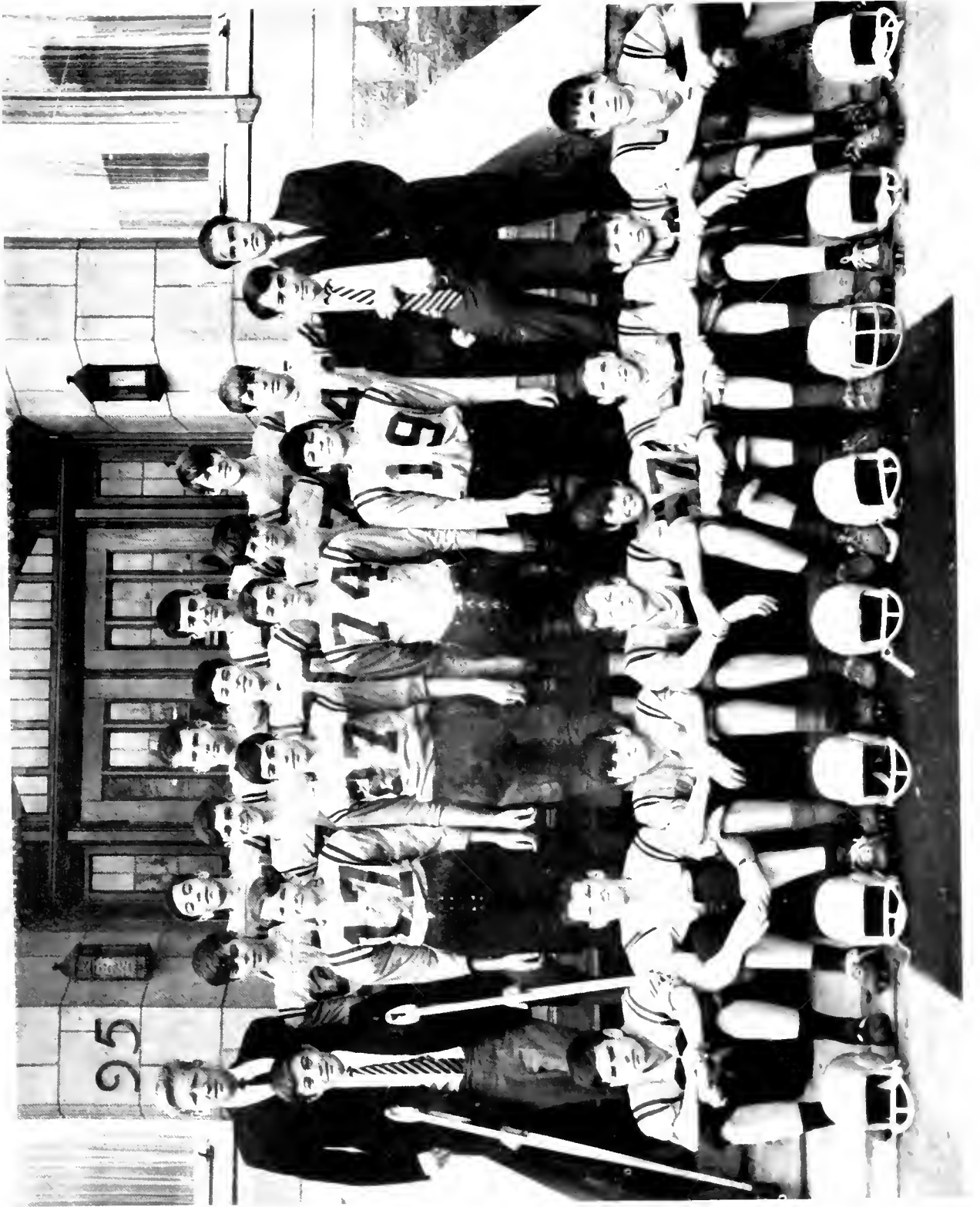
Coach's Comment

Unfortunately, our team finds itself each year in the central section of the G.M.I.A.A., a section which perennially produces strong teams. However, despite hardships, the boys on the team deserve great praise for individual sacrifice and effort. Every boy who turned out and remained with the team made a valuable contribution.

Many boys deserve praise for individual achievements during the season. In the backfield, Light; MacDaugall, R.; Tyler; Chambers; Daultan; MacDaugal, J.; and Cooper did a good job handling the ball. However, without the work of the linemen, Doulton, Keefer, Dibben, Dapking and Groome, we would not have had any measure of success. There were numerous others who worked hard and merit recognition. Those rookies with the team, perhaps, gained many attitudes and much knowledge from the veteran players and maybe, NEXT YEAR . . .

G.C.I.B.

BANTAM FOOTBALL



SENIOR SOCCER



UNDER 14 SOCCER

SENIOR SOCCER

With greater numbers participating in soccer this year, the prospects for a successful season looked good, but despite a greater wealth in numbers, we were confronted with field problems which left us with no after school practice time. Nevertheless, the boys were anxious to compete, and we made the most of two forty minute periods, on Mondays and Wednesdays, to play together as a team.

SELWYN HOUSE vs L.C.C. — TIED 0 - 0

Our first game, against L.C.C., terminated in a scoreless tie. We were in control of the game for a great deal of the time, but our problem was finishing off the plays.

SELWYN HOUSE vs SEDBERGH — LOST 3 - 0

On October 5, we travelled to Sedbergh where we met a very determined and well balanced team. We lost the game by 3 to 0. Our main weakness was not being able to get to the ball first. Our forwards had a few good shots on net, and Andrew Phillips on the right wing hit the goalpost.

SELWYN HOUSE vs ST. GEORGE'S — WON 2 - 0

The first game against St. George's was played in Trenholme Park, and it proved to be our first win. The team played well together with the half-backs and defence keeping the ball well up field. We won 2 to 0 with Tim Paul and Norman Tobias scoring for S.H.S.

SELWYN HOUSE vs SEDBERGH — LOST 4 - 2

October 16 was the return date with Sedbergh at S.H.S. We were ready for them this time, and with only fifteen minutes left, we were one goal ahead. A bad call in substitution proved costly to the team, as Sedbergh came from behind to win by 4 to 2.

SELWYN HOUSE vs L.C.C. — LOST 2 - 0

The next day, we played the return match against L.C.C. Our ever sure halfback line of Roy Hastings, Edward Segalowitz, and Steven Schouela found the muddy conditions unsettling. Ball control was bad, and the result was a 2-0 loss for us.

SELWYN HOUSE vs ST. GEORGE'S — WON 4 - 0

The return match with St. George's saw our

team on the winning road again. Our problem throughout the season had been mainly our forwards' controlling and shooting of the ball. We were one goal ahead in the middle of the second half when by switching André Telia to centre forward from halfback, we became a goal scoring team. André, with his cool disposition and good eye for the ball scored three goals in less than twenty minutes. Final score was 4-0 in our favour.

SELWYN HOUSE vs B.C.S. — TIED 0 - 0

On October 30, we were hosts to B.C.S. Though the game ended in a scoreless tie, we came very close to scoring many times since the goal keeper was not familiar with the ruling of being challenged outside his crease.

SELWYN HOUSE vs S.H.S. STAFF ALL-STAR — WON 2 - 0

The final game was against the Staff All-Star team which this year boasted of many past greats! The Senior Soccer Team was bolstered by members of the Senior Football Squad who provided the beef needed to withstand a Staff onslaught. The final score was 2-0 in favour of the school. The Staff All-Stars scored two goals, but for some mysterious reasons known only to the referee, they were called back. Poor light conditions forced an early ending of the game, just as the staff was gaining their 'fourth wind' and exerting tremendous pressure on the school's defence. This proved to be the first staff defeat in five years!

Three boys namely: — Roy Hastings (capt.), Tim Paul, and Douglas Dawson were selected as being outstanding in their performances throughout the season and received Senior Colours. To single out boys for colour awards was very difficult, since every one of the boys gave their utmost during every game, and one cannot ask more than that from anyone. Spirit was always high, and the enjoyment of playing soccer experienced by the boys gave me one of the most rewarding seasons as a soccer coach.

Team members were:—

Hastings i (capt.), Fax, Parker, Schouela i, Schouela ii, Dawson, Segalowitz, Telio, Fricker, Paul, Phillips, Boyd, Kivestu, James, Tobias, London.

J.M.L.

UNDER THIRTEEN SOCCER

The U.13 soccer team had a season of mixed fortune. Starting with a largely inexperienced team, the lack of practice fields was a great drawback. Add to this the fact that the majority of the teams we played were older and larger and it is no surprise that we lost so many games.

Despite these drawbacks the boys on the team showed excellent spirit, and never gave up. The standard of positional play and skills improved, and this was the one redeeming feature of the otherwise disappointing season, and reflects much credit upon the individuals on the team. "Paddy" Kent (goal keeper)

Paddy did not take long to settle down and cannot be blamed for the losses received. He made many fine saves during the course of the year.

Jonathan Goldbloom (left back)

Jon combined intelligent positional play with some degree of E.S.P. He played well throughout the season.

Bill Turner (right back)

Bill played a strong and intelligent game at full back throughout the season. Skills, position and ball distribution improved unusually, and he should be a play maker of next year's team.

Taylor Gray (left half)

Always self-critical, Taylor was never satisfied with his game, although there was seldom reason for this dissatisfaction. He was by far the most

adept member of the team at heading the ball. Grey Meadowcroft (centre half)

Grey played an excellent season at centre half. His intelligent positional play and good ball distribution was a great asset to the team.

Eric Kaplan (right half)

Eric's skills improved as the season progressed, but his strong point was intelligent positional play which made up for much of his lack of skill.

Froser Elliot (left wing)

After a slow start, Fraser gained confidence and developed a fine pass to our centre forward. Deon Bremner and Michael Thau (inside left)

They alternated at inside left and showed promise for the future.

John Williams (captain-centre forward)

Despite his injury at the beginning of the season, John was a good captain on and off the field. When playing, he was the most dangerous forward and was sorely missed when unable to play.

Danny Schouela (inside right)

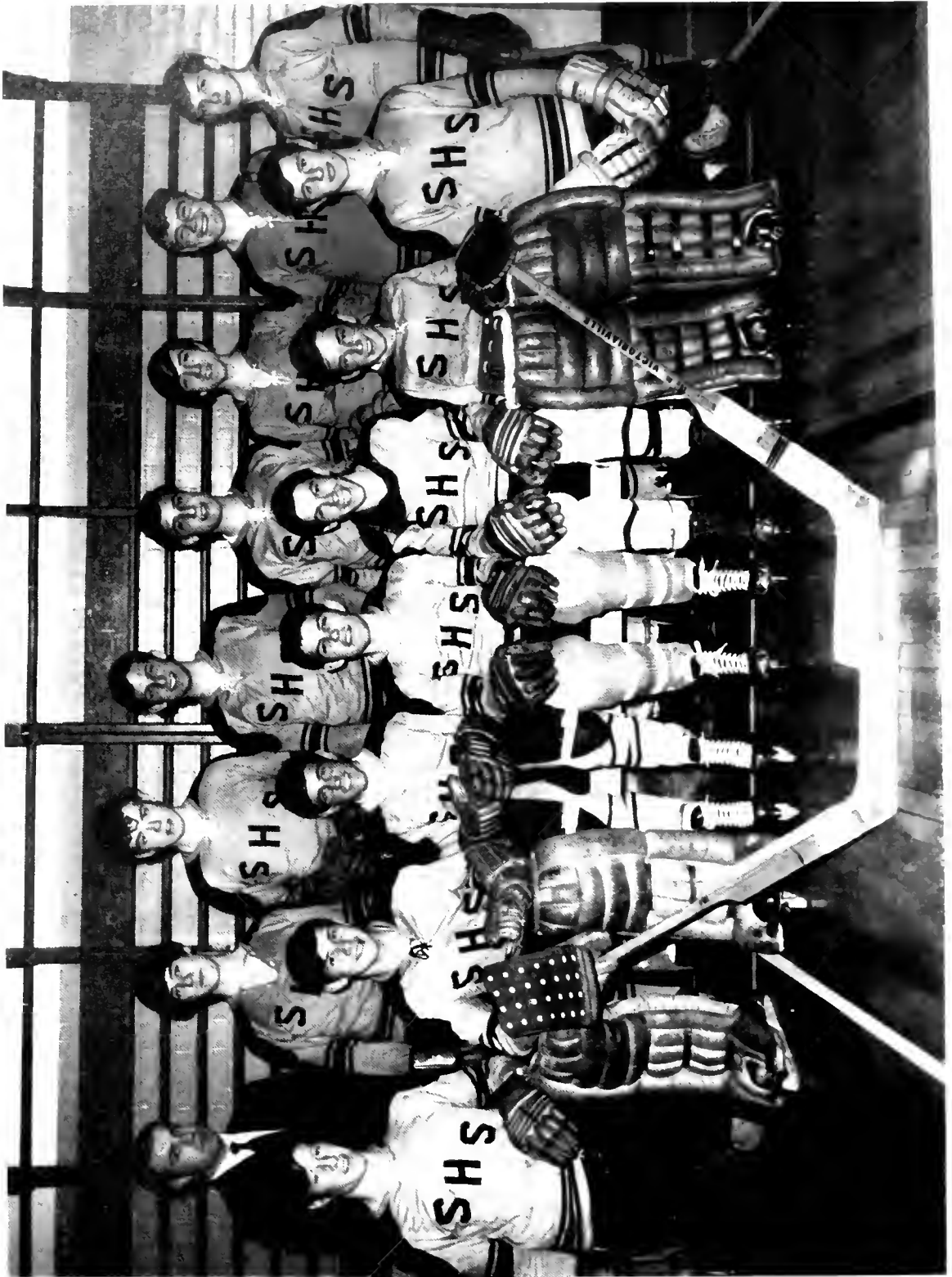
Our smallest player, Danny, had difficulty with the large opposition, but never gave up.

John Odell (right wing)

John, a key performer on our team, improved as the season progressed. He had a very good year.

A.M. - D.

SENIOR HOCKEY



SENIOR HOCKEY

Selwyn House was represented this past season by one of the best spirited teams that ever played for the school. From November to March, this team showed extremely good spirit and sportsmanship.

At the beginning of the season, some people were saying that the team would not win a game all year, but when the team heard this, it worked all the harder. When a player made a mistake, the team did not jump on his back, but pointed out how he could improve himself. Whenever a player did well, he was congratulated. It was these little things that made true team effort and spirit.

We played in all eighteen games against the top teams in and around the island of Montreal. Our record was 7 wins and 11 losses, but at least five of these game lost could have gone in our favour.

Our play was highlighted by deft stickhandling by Craig Shannon and Jamie Copping as well as strong defensive work by Brian Roy. The

nets were guarded this year by Brian Gentles and George Stinnes.

But it was not only the players on the team who worked hard, but also our coach, Mr. Burgess. He believed in the team enough to devote his time and energy to developing us into a moulded unit. Selwyn House is very fortunate to have such a man, and the team sincerely thanks him for his leadership.

The boys who played regularly on the team were :

- Goal** — Gentles, Stinnes.
- Defence** — Roy (captain), Campbell (assistant), Hastings, Nicholson, Disher.
- Forward** — Shannon (assistant), Copping, Benbow, Scott, Tobias, Chuckly, O'Hearn, Kivestu.
- Hockey**
Colours : Brian Roy, Jamie Copping, Craig Shannon, Duncan Campbell.

SENIOR HOCKEY COACH COMMENTS

It was what many thought an inauspicious start for the Senior Hockey team in late November. There were seven, or eight, members of this team who had not played a great deal of organized hockey prior to this season, and there were only four members of previous teams returning. Many speculations were made about the record that this group would compile, but most people forgot to consider carefully the intangible qualities of sacrifice and desire. This spirit and willingness to work enabled this team to prove itself against some of the stiffest competition. When an error constantly was being made, many individuals would devote much time on the natural ice to eliminate them.

Recapitulating all the highlights of this season would not enable me to do justice to what I felt was the real spirit of this year's Seniors. It was in many respects one of the finest TEAMS I have been associated with. By the perseverance of every individual, this team moulded itself into

a unit which measured up exceptionally well against some of the best G. M. I. A. A. teams in Montreal. For the first time since I have come to Selwyn House we defeated a team in the senior classification of this league. As a team, the seniors overcame difficulties and lack of experience by their hard work, their spirit, and their desire. They never gave up. These are the qualities which measure leaders and winners, and as a team they proved themselves winners.

The future holds a greater challenge for those who graduate this year; however, if you apply yourselves as you did in hockey I am sure you will do well. Next year, the Senior Team will have a sizeable group of experienced players — both from this year's team and the Bantam team. The experience should provide a good foundation for the Seniors next year. However, future players must be willing to work if they wish to equal the achievements of this year's team.

RINKY DINK HOCKEY LEAGUE (SENIOR DIVISION)

The Rinky Dink Hockey League (Senior Division) began its third year in early November. Before the season had begun, the schedule, the teams, and their captains and assistant captains had been decided. The teams, the Leafs, Wings, Rangers, Hawks, Canadiens, and Bruins, were made up mainly with form fours. The form fives played once a week. Every three hockey days two teams would travel to Montreal West for instruction. There rinks were used regularly — McGill, Montreal West, and Westmount. Each team played eight regularly scheduled games and one playoff game.

The season opened with two exciting ties, Rangers and Bruins with six apiece, and the Hawks and Canadiens played to a five all tie.

The season continued, often interrupted by other activities.

Two mid-season drafts were held. In the first, the cellar team, the Wings, chose James McCallum. In the second, the Red Wings took Eric Kaplan and Geoffrey Hale was chosen by the Canadiens.

Scott Robertson, the Hawk goaler shut out the Bruins 6-0 in a fantastic showing in regular season play.

The most goals in one game was fifteen by the Rangers.

The most goals in one game by a player was seven by Greg Hannon of the Rangers. Greg also lead the scoring for the whole year with 36 goals.

The playoff games were between the Rangers and Bruins, Wings and Hawks, and Leafs and Canadiens.

The leading scorer in the playoffs was Wilks Keefer with a fantastic showing of seven goals, two assists.

The season ended December 18.

The final standings are below.

	P.	W.	L.	T.	F.	A.	Pts.
Rangers	9	5	3	1	73	54	11
Bruins	9	4	3	2	44	46	10
Wings	9	4	4	1	60	56	9
Hawks	9	4	4	1	41	41	9
Canadiens	9	3	4	2	55	60	8
Leafs	9	3	5	1	49	66	7

— Greg. MEADOWCROFT

The Selwyn House School Rinky-Dink Hockey League: Junior Division

This is the rather formal name given to the hockey league in which all of Form III participated this year. It was a new innovation and one which, I think, was very well received. The whole operation was presided over by the Commissioner, Mr. Becker. He ruled with a firm hand and, fortunately, was not called upon to settle any major disputes.

Together with Mr. Becker, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Moss-Davies and Mr. Eldridge acted as referees and playing coaches. Actually, the number of masters had to be reduced to three, because, after the third game, Mr. Moss-Davies decided to retire from the competition in favour of his trampoline. Penalties were few and the rules were not followed in an orthodox manner. On the whole, the refereeing was slightly prejudiced in favour of the team with the master.

The league was comprised of six teams of about seven players each. The name and captain of each team was chosen by the players themselves. Trading was allowed, but, except in one case, all the trades were arbitrarily made by Mr. Becker in an attempt to even out the teams. Team spirit was high; but the teams usually managed to cheer each other at the finish of the game.

The games were played at three rinks: McGill, Verdun, and Montreal West. The school rented

the ice for one hour every week. Before each game a practice or a drill of hockey skills took place for about twenty minutes. (Mr. Eldridge has become famous for his three-quarter hour practices) The games were played with enthusiasm and the scores generally were high.

There were ten games in the schedule and here's how the final standings looked:

	W.	L.	T.	Pts.
Barons	7	2	1	15
Grease Dogs	5	3	2	12
Chandai Gris	5	4	1	11
Assassins	4	3	3	11
Hellcats	2	6	2	6
Dambusters	1	6	3	5

and in the scoring race:

	G.	A.	Pts.
Hastings (Bar.)	8	26	34
Turner (Bar.)	27	3	30
Gray (Gr. D.)	17	12	29

ALL-STARs: F. Miller (goals); Watt, Grossman (defence); Foch, Hastings, Gray (forward).

Special thanks must go to all on the staff who helped.

W.T.

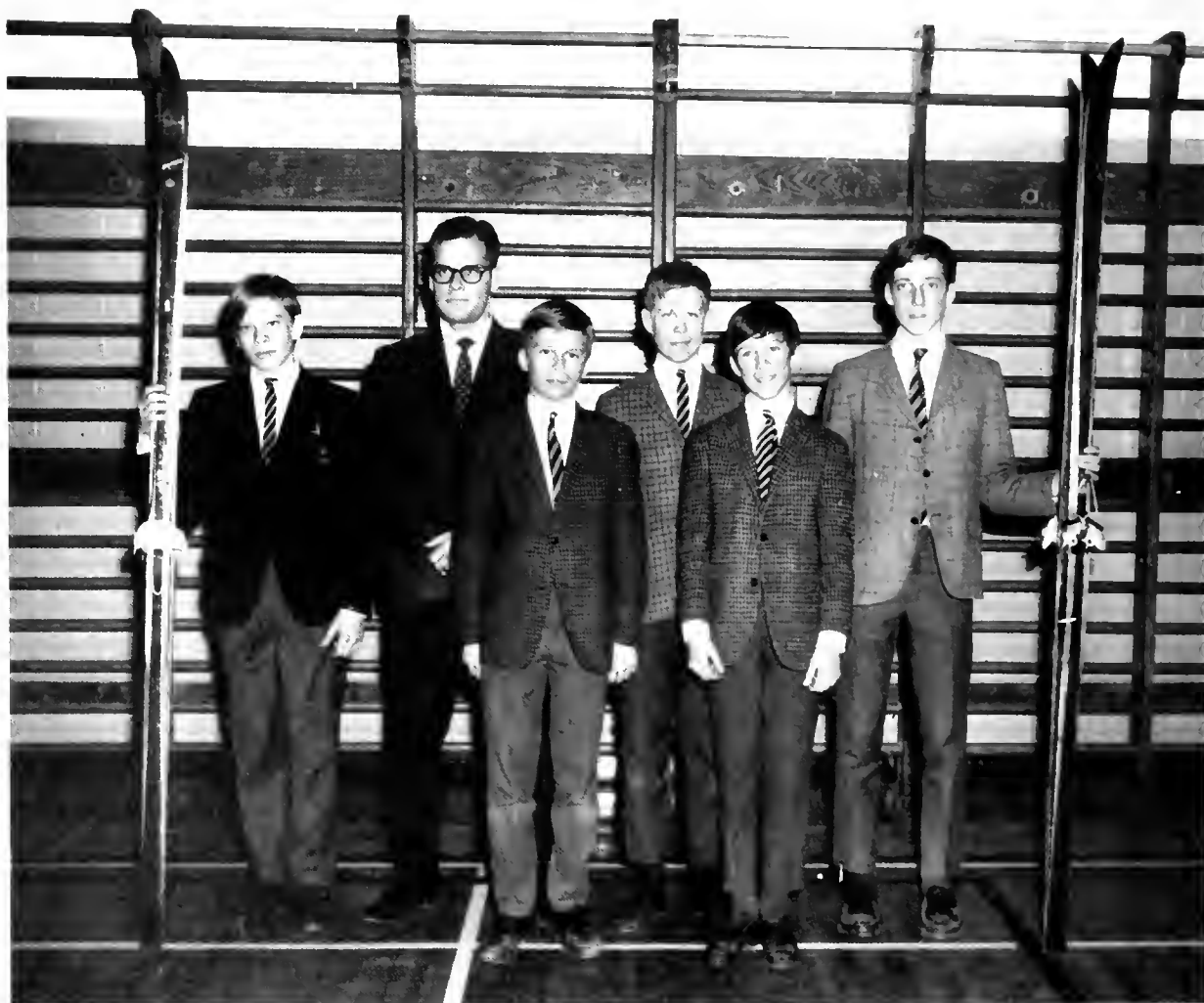
The Inter-House Ski Meet

This year's House Ski Meet was held in St. Sauveur on a very cold February 4th. The cold hampered the racers and so only a two run Slalom was held for the Seniors and only a one run for the Intermediates. The Senior event was won by Duncan Campbell with Bill Ainley second and the Intermediate class was won by Mark Culver with Paul Mayer second.

The all important House scores were as follows : —

1. Wanstall	50.
2. Lucas	42.41
3. Macaulay	42.19
4. Speirs	32.30

SKI TEAM



GYMNASTICS

Gymnastics started this year later than in past years, due to the construction of our new gym. With the added space, the new gym provided an opportunity to implement a broader programme for all boys.

An excellent inter-house competition was held with a good representation from all three sections of the school. This year, for the first time, we enhanced the gym display by holding the finals of all three house competitions at the conclusion of each display. The result was most rewarding both from the spectators' and participants' point of view. The finalists gave their best efforts in front of an appreciative audience.

With the added attraction of the house finals in the gym display, we held three separate displays: — Junior on Thursday, 17th April and the Intermediate and Senior on the afternoon and evening respectively on Friday 18th April. Awards were presented at the Junior Display by Mrs.

Paterson, at the Intermediate by Mr. Gray and at the Senior by Mr. Mappin. These displays demanded three special gym squads each, selected from the three levels of the school, together with a special trampoline squad under Mr. Moss Davies direction. A new award was donated this year by our Chairman, Mr. Culver, and was awarded to the outstanding gymnast in the Middle School. Although the sport of trampolining is easy to begin, it requires much time and dedication at the more advanced level. To date we have made great strides and should advance quickly with the help of the new safety belt.

Twisting front somersaults are being performed by several boys, and double somersaults, twisting backs and codys are very close to completion. By the end of the year we hope to be able to demonstrate these advanced stunts. B. Kishfy and J. Odell deserve special mention for their efforts on the trampoline.

Inter House Competition Results

Senior

MAT.	1st Norman Tobias
	2nd Christopher Noble
	3rd Stephen Ludgate
APPARATUS	1st Norman Tobias
	2nd Christopher Noble
	3rd William Ainley
Senior Champion — Norman Tobias	

Intermediate

MAT.	1st John Odell
	2nd Taylor Gray
	3rd Brian Kishfy
APPARATUS	1st John Odell
	2nd Danny Schouela
	3rd Taylor Gray
Intermediate Champion — John Odell	

Junior

MAT.	1st David McKeon
	2nd Robin Rohlicek
	3rd James Turner
APPARATUS	1st David McKeon
	2nd Robert Hall
	3rd David Demers
Junior Champion — David McKeon	

Final House Standings (Overall)

1st Lucas	292.40
2nd Speirs	254.18
3rd Macaulay	224.55
4th Wanstall	211.30

Class Awards

Form D	Andrew Nemec
Form C	Ross McKim
Form B1	Jonathon Pearson
Form B2	Marc Just
Form A1	David McKeon
Form A2	David Demers
Form IVA	Clifford Pearson
Form IVB	Stephen MacLean
Form IVC	Rory Byrne
Form VA	Stephen Ludgate
Form VB	Herbert Coristine
Form VIA	Norman Tobias
Form IA	George Jenkins
Form IB	Robert Stein
Form IIA	Richard Pearson
Form IIB	Richard Weldon
Form IIIA	Danny Schouela
Form IIIB	John Odell
Form VIB	John Alsop
Form VIIA	Gordon Usher-Jones
Form VIIB	John Fricker

Best Junior Gymnast (Southam Cup)
David McKeon

Best Middle School Gymnast (Culver Cup)
John Odell

Outstanding Senior Gymnast
(De Wolfe Mackay Shield)
Norman Tobias



Gym Squads

Senior

John Fricker
Normon Tobias
Stephen Ludgote
William Ainley
Christopher Noble
Peter Roden
Timothy Paul
Jamie Boyd
Herbert Coristine
Rory Byrne

Intermediate

John Odell
Taylor Gray
Fraser Elliott
Andrew Weldon
Richard Weldon
Richard Pearson
David Naimon
Ross Oliver
Donny Schouela
Brian Fitzpatrick

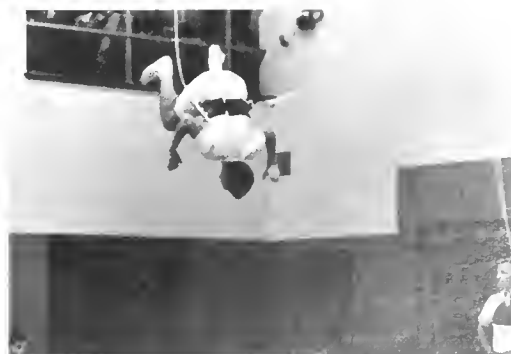
Junior

David McKeon
Robert Hall
David Demers
Robin Rohlicek
Ronnie Schouela
George Jenkins
Ross Elliott
Gordon Currie
John Goodfellow
Peter Stolling

Trampoline Squad

John Odell

Brian Kishfy



Sports Summary

In Summing Up . . .

We have had quite a busy year in the field of sports, and on the whole, we have done very well. All the school terms now offer a wide variety of sport activities, as should be.

The fall term saw two football and soccer teams playing for the school. The senior team in football played exhibition games, but were hampered throughout the season by a lack of manpower. The bantams, playing in the league, had also to rely mostly on a few players — something that should not happen. I would like to see the formation of a strong junior team that would represent the school in the league. The soccer teams, as usual, were very strong, and the chance to send these teams into the league should not be neglected.

The winter months, we had two hockey teams and a new basketball team formed. The hockey was played well this year, and looks very promising for next year, as the various levels of

hockey in the school are now producing boys who have had a great deal of experience. The basketball team showed great possibilities, and no doubt next year, with an early start, the team will be top rate. The skiing was weak this year due to a lack of solid practice, especially in the cross-country, but with continued drive, Selwyn House should once again be at the top.

The summer term sees the track and rugger teams representing the school. These events we are always strong in, as numbers do not matter too much, and we can participate on equal ground with the other schools.

Finally, I feel that Selwyn House should not rely only on individuals, and I urge all boys to go out and show that we are more than capable to participate in the various sports that we do. I thank all the coaches of all the teams for their time and effort, and especially Mr. Lewis who organizes all the sports activities.

Duncan CAMPBELL

LITERARY CONTEST WINNERS

SENIOR SCHOOL

Prose 1st John Pearce
2nd David Runkle
Verse 1st Peter Genzel
2nd Jon Benbow

MIDDLE SCHOOL

The number of entries were most disappointing

Prose 1st A. Stewart
Verse 1st J. Henderson

JUNIOR SCHOOL 1st R. Rohlicek

SPEIRS HOUSE



LUCAS HOUSE

"Lord, What Fools These Mortals Be!"

Holden had read this quotation, but did not believe in it as he was quite optimistic about the state of man. This was before his family had moved into a new home in Yorkdale Heights, a "nouveau riche" section high on top of Riverside Hill in Ottawa. From there he could see the Ottawa River meandering through the city which was spread out before him. Holden was to attend a private school in the autumn.

Holden was very eager to start school, as he had heard that many leaders in industry and commerce had graduated there, and that one received a very good education at the school. He enjoyed himself for the first few weeks as his classmates were friendly, and the work was not too difficult, but he had begun to discover a few flaws in the school. The discipline was very strict, which Holden did not mind when it concerned important rules, but he was becoming increasingly alienated against the petty little rules to which so much emphasis was attached, and the teachers that strictly enforced them.

It was not only the school which alienated him, but also, the atmosphere of Yorkdale Heights, which he thought was very false. Some of the parents of his school friends were more concerned with their own social life than with the welfare of their children. He soon arrived at the conclusion

that these adults sent their children to his school just because they wanted status. Holden had now come to hate Yorkdale Heights, because of the hypocrisy that existed there.

Every morning, the school assembled in the gymnasium for prayers, and the principal read out important notices. In March, a special speaker came to one assembly to address the student body. His name was Mr. Culson, whose family was extremely wealthy and was one of the founding families of Ottawa. Holden knew that Culson had never done a stitch of hard work in his life, but he lectured on how hard they should work in order to succeed. Holden was almost nauseated by this, but was more sickened when the principal of the school commended the speech and said how each of the boys should look to Mr. Culson as an example of a man who had obtained his high position through hard work.

Holden finished the last term at this school, but refused to return the following autumn. He had now learned the real meaning of the quotation which he had read one year before.

JOHN PEARCE

AWARDED FIRST PRIZE
LITERARY CONTEST

DESTINATION

I stopped walking. There was nothing around in my white world but a stone wall in front of me. I climbed over the wall into a labyrinth of large boulders and sheets of sharp steel. I could not move. When I tried to climb over the boulders, I would fall but there would be no pain. The steel cut me, but there was never any blood. A boulder rolled over me and crushed my body, but there was no pain. A mist settled and I could not breathe. I stopped struggling, and the boulders and steel cleaved away leaving a path to my unknown destination. I ran to the light with my heart pounding...

My destination was a sheer cliff. I cried out. I tried to return but my path had closed up and

I fell off the precipice. But I didn't drop like a stone, I floated down, down to the bottom. I did not want this moment to end. Before I hit the rocks, my world became a blurr...

My world became black except for the flickering of the fire around me. I cried out but I did not hear my screams. This was my destination. I had entered the realms of Satan — his great kingdom — Hell. Never again would I see the bright rays of the sun nor would I ever see the green of the trees. My life had ended...

I was dead.

DAVID RUNKLE

2nd PRIZE

For Further Reference

"Yes," agreed the book. "The New Library is certainly an improvement. It is a much more spacious and attractive room now, and look at the facilities: good working tables, comfortable chairs, and even some study cubicles. That really gives a relaxed yet industrious atmosphere to the students that come here. They can rest between classes, work during study periods, have meetings, and do homework after school... though of course they must leave at 4:15.

"Why is that?"

"It sometimes seems a little ridiculous, doesn't it?" The book brushed some dust off its cover. "But there is a reason for it. There has to be some sort of supervision in the library at all times, to prevent... well, you know. It's a rule."

"But why couldn't they use the honour system? Students would sign for books and student librarians would check them out, help with the filing system, and make sure that nothing goes wrong. And once in a while a teacher could check in."

"I suppose that would be a good idea," mused the book. "It would work for senior boys, anyway. Look at those two over there, doing research on literature and chemistry. That's funny... we don't have any books on those subjects, especially for boys in form six or seven."

"You don't?"

"No; not yet, anyway. We don't have many reference books at all, and it seems to me that except for the encyclopedias, the senior boys hardly use any of them. That I shall never understand."

"What reference books do you have?"

"There is a very ample religious section, besides texts like **The National Reference Book On Canadian Business Personalities** and **The Who's Who of 1951**. But there are some teachers who are trying to bring in some books for their respective subjects, and a group called The Students' Project Society which is raising money to bring in some new blood. They could really help this library."

"If only a few of your books are reference, what are all the rest?"

"Fiction, of course!" answered the book. "As I see it, a school library should have two types of books: reference and fiction. And we certainly have fiction: a lot of it is English stuff, you know, but each year we get a few new Canadian and American books. It's strange, though, the senior boys don't much go for our fiction, either. Something about it not being up to their level, and they're the ones that say it has great potential, and all it needs is support! Anyway, the younger students certainly enjoy us. In fact, just in this last school year I've been taken out twice."

"You have? Who are you?"

"Me I'm **Forge of Foxenby** by R. A. H. Goodyer. I'm about a fine, upstanding British lad who goes to a private school and whose whole life is cricket. He has never smoked, or seen a girl, and one day...

MICHAEL O'HEARN & PETER GENZEL

Deep Purple

The Electric Circus was born a day before New Year's. It consisted of a total sound system — radio, record player, tape recorder, microphones, speakers — and for most of the day came the sound of music. New Year's Eve heard little of the Electric Circus, but it was humming again the next day.

The creator of this bizarre arrangement was a boy who could be classified as model. He was a good student, athlete, and a leader of the fine school he attended. He always did everything perfectly and never got into trouble. But he was true to Newton's Third Law — to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction — thus the Electric Circus.

The Circus was formulated to combat a problem that had shaken his character since Christmas. While skiing, he had met a girl whom he liked, but she did not realize this, and remained oblivious to his affection. He tried everything to gain her attention, but to no avail.

The holiday ended and they parted "company". New Year's Eve was fun but not terrific, and to solve his sorrow, he created the Circus. He stayed in there for hours at a time just designing new and improved sound systems. He did not want to go skiing, as there was no purpose.

School returned, and a total change overcame him; he lagged at everything — having no motive to work. He tried to amuse himself by throwing darts at pictures of teachers and just generally cursing them.

The Circus blared even more at night, and he became preoccupied with it and not his school work. He went out for long drives or walks; just thinking of the great failure that had beset him. He almost cried himself to sleep every night just thinking of her. He tried everything to perhaps gain her attention. He wrote anonymous letters, just slightly hinting at who had sent them. He tried to meet her "accidentally" by guessing where she was. All his plans failed, but he continued to send the letters.

On one of his walks, he sat down alone on a park bench, just staring at the snow gently falling. He thought of all the times he had failed in trying to do something worthwhile, and why he could not succeed in doing so. Then, a gentle hand was softly laid on his shoulder, and she sat down beside him. She did not speak, but sat there holding his hand. Then he spoke of his failures, school, the Circus, and the letters. He spoke of how people must realize that they need each other, and how young people are the most callous of all, not letting others into their own little society. He talked of the problem of making the jump between the world of a child, and that of an adult, alone. He spoke of how he was only a clown to everyone, no one respected him, nor did anyone care for him. He told her how he liked to live — simply — just the type of person the young society would not accept.

She listened to everything he said, and quietly she took him home through the gentle snow. That night the Electric Circus was silent.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL

Toll 23

Time: 0400 hours. "Wake up", sergeant cries, "get up and scuffle to breakfast." 0430 hours. running across landing strip, into the chopper. noise, sniper fire, take off. Today, cleaning Cong out of villages. Travel, 0600 hours, approach area of operation. Village in sight, big hut, tracks indicate people ran from hut. "Fire". Push button, hut bursts into flames, trace foot tracks to tree, sniper fire, push button, flaming form falls out of

tree, "We got the little bastard" shouts crewman. Fly over village again, push button, push. three more huts. Fly away, continue for hours, push button, button push, fire, flames, flaming bodies, hours and hours, hot weather, uncomfortable seat, return to base, report "Toll, 23 Viet Cong." Tiring day, back to sleep, rest up for tomorrow.

WALTER LOVELL

The STORY of the Sinking "H.M.S. Hope"

Our hope for the future is born on a Sunday. Screaming, he leaves his coffin of darkness to enter another coffin filled with unrevealing light. The doctor already devours the turkey that the child will bring in fees, and the greedy priest takes the money even before the child is baptized. And the noise of this newborn baby is drowned out by the rhythmic thump-thump of a child welfare official who with his rubber stamp dripping with blue inks "officializes" and "authorizes" the baby's birth.

While he is still lying in the clinic, strategists are already planning his future. It is decided that he will go to a certain prestigious elite school. He is to be drafted at eighteen, and then is to go to university. Preferably, he is to be a lawyer as like his father wants him to be. It is also decided what the child should know and what he should not know, like the fact that his upbringing costs his parents 50,000 dollars.

He grows up. A blind man rules his country and it is impossible to escape. The blind border guards do a good job and even catch the occasional fleeing eye doctor. Yes, things are rather bad. Ambitious young scientists are forced to replace their old eyes with new authorized glass

eyes. And now they peer through telescopes and profess to know the mystery of creation. As for the parents, they are teaching the child the progressive art of hypocrisy. And the decent middle class cannot believe what it sees, and so it throws pepper into its eyes and then laments the loss of sight. But no, things cannot be that bad: Yesterday our blind ruler declared that he is looking into the future with much confidence.

But what does our hope then have to do in this land? Brought here by a parental moment of forgetfulness, he now sits in his plush, well-equipped, and complacent coffin. What does he have to do in his land where progress means going upwards, not forwards? Where affluence thrives beside squalor. Where poverty with a smothered voice squeals from the bottom of the whipped cream bowl: Progress is upwards. And where, consequently, a moon rocket is shot upwards to confirm the fact that the moon is inhospitable — while back below rats find tenements very hospitable. It is thus understandable that our hope of the future grinds dentures in anger. For our hope has no future.

PETER GENZEL

What do you hide behind?

I hide behind an old grey sweater, a large amount of hats, a bandana, a railroad, and Runkle. Everyone hides behind something, the most popular being beards or moustaches. Although they do not show it, the most famous people are all this type of coward. They have so much responsibility and power, that it becomes necessary to maintain their security and peace of mind. The unfortunate part of this is that most people pretend not to have this feeling, and instead they resort to a false personality to try and prove to their friends that it is not happening to them, the feeling of insecurity. However, they are in fact trying to prove to themselves that it is not happening, but it is, and it

gets worse. But if you have some little idiosyncrasy that is plainly visible, such as your own railroad, everyone realizes this and in turn you have solved your own insecurity by gaining this new attention. I hope you have understood this so far. As a matter of fact, if you wish to become a Jung and delve into this until it no longer exists, as he states, it is possible to say that I am writing this so as to prove to myself that I am not a failure, and this is being written to solve my own problem, which is most true. However, I try not to put on a false front, and to maintain this I create my insecurity, and I am back to the beginning again, so I cannot win.

D. CAMPBELL VIIA

CONTEMPLATION

It was up there on the screen.

THERE WAS A LOVE-SCENE; SHE CRIED; HE COMFORTED HER, "WE'LL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER." HE LOOKED FOR A JOB IN SOME HELLSH MAN-HOLE; SHE LOOKED FOR A FLAT; THERE WAS A LOVE-SCENE; SHE CRIED, "I WOULD DIE IF YOU HAD TO LEAVE;" HE COMFORTED HER.

I left and my seat sprung up.

I was outside, and the sky was reappearing as a cumulo-nimbus raced a lady to Bus 47. A stoplight was standing beside me. It irritated Bus 47 with a red, and overjoyed the lady with a green. She stepped up, and I smiled, and I respected the stoplight. My eyes turned to the theatre's Cheshire Cat ticket lady. Our eyes collided and stumbled back into position. I closed my two while staring at the light turn green. I saw coloured geometric patterns on my lids. Then they opened for some unknown unconscious reason. Everyone looked the same when I looked across the street at a crowd. Coats and hats covering unknown bodies were walking back and forth.

"WE'LL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER." You, we, and I, we're all together. We are all insane, or all sane. This is a question of diction and relativity. It is all relative. Nothing is relative. We're all together. I love Communists. I hate Communists. Do you know any Communists? We hate them. I hate them; I don't associate with them. To others the problem is more crucial. How can they hate Communism when their friend's grandmother is Brezhnev's great aunt?

These cases may involve similar people, but because of minor environmental quirks, they could be extremists to both degrees. I think the difference between love and hate is the same as one minus .999 recurring. Take that and knit it in your sweater; take that and cook it in your soup; or take it and throw it out.

It had been up there on the screen. I had not enjoyed it. It constituted a wonderful dream, vividly re-enacted. It would've been a nice dream, but since it was represented by reality, the whole effect of wonderfulness was spoiled. I kept on telling myself it had all been created on a stage somewhere in Hollywood in order to fight my jealousy. This worked, but the movie was so repetitive and platitudinous that I had to leave.

It's odd of my telling you all this when I don't even know your name. I don't mind it, though; I like talking; I don't like making secrets. "I am, you are, we are all together." That's a good philosophy in discussions. It breaks many people's privacy code.

I was walking now.

I stepped high up into a bus, paid my fare and sat down in a decent remote seat, and dipped a boot in a puddle of water on the rubber floor. I slid an ugly, flattened, cigarette butt into the water with my other foot and drowned it. It rose to the surface, and floated around every time the bus changed speed. It finally made its way to the dry, rubber shore just about the time the bus passed the street before mine. I stood up and squished it, and this time some tobacco squirted out.

Then I got off and went home and watched baseball all night on T.V. I turned it off and watched the white dot disappear.

I thought of what had happened that day. At lunch an infuriated friend gave me a funny look. I could see it in his eyes, mouth, and eyebrows. Receiving funny looks is in my nature.

HE LOOKED FOR A JOB IN SOME HELLSH MANHOLE. I had believed that the opposite of a circle was a dot before he pointed out that it is really a shapeless yet two dimensional and often black expanse minus the circumference of a circle surrounding a huge black dot, the circle's interior. Therefore, it is a circle. The human does not normally accept a shapeless yet two dimensional object as a geometric figure. Rather, he relates with the smaller object, the silhouette of the original figure. However, the white circle had not been drawn, and the dark expanse had. The only way to bring out a black dot on a dark expanse is to encircle it with another colour, in this case white.

Now I was up and moving after three hours of sitting. My sleepy legs brought me to my toothbrush, and I coated the bristles with paste, and then attacked my awful teeth mercilessly.

Shortly, I was in bed, waiting for the inevitable — sleep.

Sleep does funny things with time.

I was on, then off.

THERE WAS NO LOVE-SCENE. I grew up and died. Then I woke up and found it was all a dream, and I grew up and died. Then I woke up and found it was all a dream, and I grew up and died. Then I woke up and found it was all a dream, and I grew up and died.

Then I woke up.

I was 12:30.

And this is like the images on a pair of opposite mirrors. This is like a geometric progression. This is like a family tree which will grow and grow in the future and grows and grows in the past, but how can it when there are more people now than before. I grew up and died to become what I don't know.

Death is life and life is death, and one is the absence of the other, just like $0 = 0$, and $0 = -0$, but death and life are not zero. They are numbers to such a fantastic power that I don't know. After death is what? To another planet? That's too limited and within our vision. One thing is for sure, it is ridiculous for a human to start and stop living at some point in time when humans have been living for so long. Why just seventy years out of fifty or so thousand? This appears to make a human useless.

I walked outside. I always do about midnight.

I don't know why. I guess it's just because it's a beautiful sight to see all the stars. I have always seemed attracted toward them. There seems such a similarity between the galaxies and atoms that I wonder if the galaxies are atoms, perhaps hydrogen, in another inconceivably gigantic world. And perhaps our atoms are also galaxies.

And I went back to dream.

Perhaps dreams are real and life is a dream. I awoke at 7:00, sharp or blunt. I do not know.

Now it is another day.

You must verify my occupation.

What is it?

You will never know for I am an old man sixty years later. I am a girl of five. I am a horse. I am a mouse. I am an amoeba.

"I WOULD DIE IF YOU HAD TO LEAVE." I have bathtub water wetness on my feet. I am now going to plug in the coffee perculator.

A SPARK!

I have changed into a different existence.

All motion has ceased.

Do not worry. This is a frequent occurrence, and you don't know, because you are human, and you do not see a stop, but I do. I am SUPER-NATURAL.

Why don't you know? Humans never will.

There is a different world on this world which is lived at a different pace. These beings rush

around at the speed of light. They are invisible, but are noticed by another sense. Why, not five, but one, the undiscovered!

I am one of them and the world started when you woke up this morning.

The switch has been made like the Métro changing tracks and direction. It was before 7:00 sharp and keen as I unplugged the coffee perculator, took a bath, and went to bed. I woke at 12:40 for a brief stroll outside. I slept and watched baseball. The lady got off Bus 47. And so, the world died, grew younger, less intelligent, and finally was born. This is a sharp, cool, keen thought. It amuses me.

We must agree that time is linear. Time has direction, either evolution or involution. Man's mind is conscious of only one direction — evolution, whereas some other being may respond to time in an opposite fashion. This would mean that it has a life of similar strains, but it would become what humans consider younger as its life continued, and at the end, it would physically be born in the reverse to normal evolutionary procedure.

The switch has been made. Life is backwards to you.

The further I travel away from the earth, the more future is revealed, opposite of what exists now. For every year I move away I can see as many years in the future (instead of your natural way — the past), but yesterday can never be warned of tomorrow, because the universal speed limit stands pat. Think about it world.

It is sad that I cannot warn you.

No, I've just been inspired. I could find the destiny of the world before it happens.

HE COMFORTED HER; SHE CRIED, "I WOULD DIE IF YOU HAD TO LEAVE;" THERE WAS A LOVE-SCENE; SHE LOOKED FOR A FLAT; HE LOOKED FOR A JOB IN SOME HELLISH MAN-HOLE. HE COMFORTED HER, "WE'LL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER;" SHE CRIED; THERE WAS A LOVE-SCENE.

It was up there on the screen.

— Guy TOMBS

The Tale of 006 to 006½

"006 ½, here is some of your new equipment: rocket shoes, 5 minutes flying time, laser beam ring, twist the ruby twice counterclockwise to activate. Oh yes, of course you know about the new union laws, therefore your gun will be carrying 100 rounds of Long Range sleep darts, acts in about one second, no need for a silencer, and last, but not least, the time barrier belt, the three buttons represent hours, days, and weeks. O.K., your mission it to knock out CRUSH H.Q. You've approximately two hours from now, good luck. Harold, remember, you still have to get up your brothers standing 007."

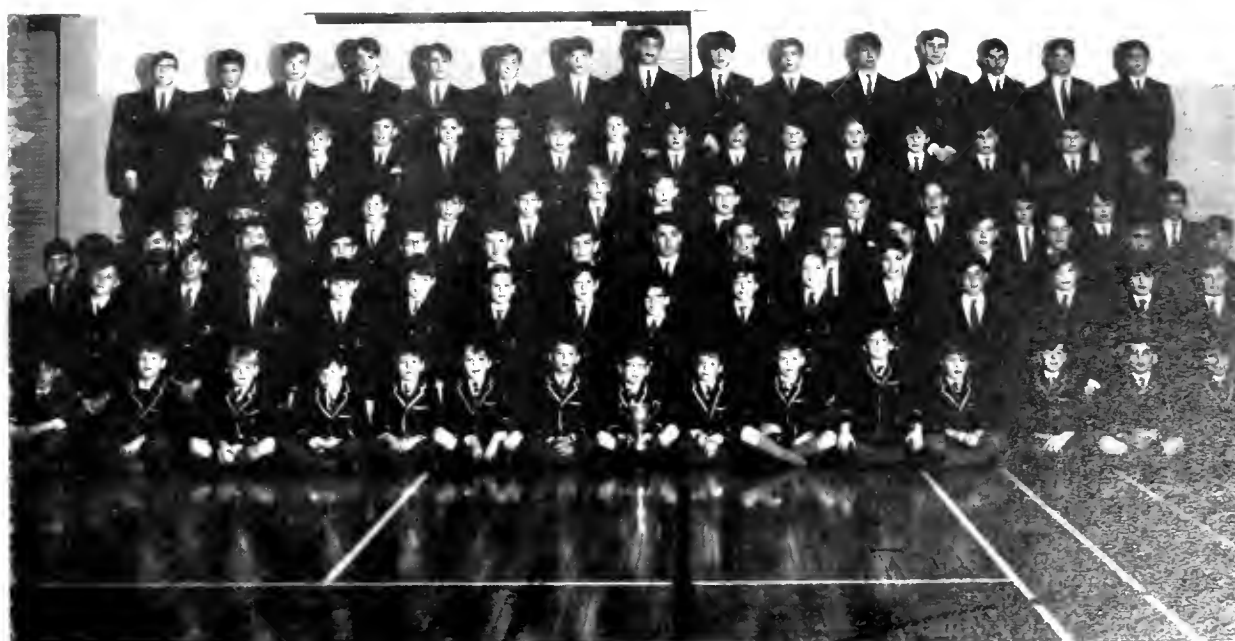
As 006 ½ approached 'Ricky's Bar', the front of CRUSH, he saw several of their men getting ready for him. He knew he was walking into a trap.

He ordered his martini, and before Harold knew it, he was staring at four steel walls with a closed circuit T.V. in one corner. The only way out was the laser, but would it work? As he activated the device, he found it increasingly hard to breathe as the air was being sucked out. Could he make it in time? Just as the few remnants of air were left, the safe door fell down, shaking the whole building floor as he was shooting his way out, he dropped the time bomb, set it for one minute, and activated his rocket shoes. Just as he crashed through the window the whole building blew up.

That's the story how 006 became 006 ½.

— J. MOTTER

MACAULAY HOUSE



WANSTALL HOUSE

HELP! HELP!

I'm adrift in a vacuum.
 There is no beginning.
 There is no end.
 I can't see.
 It's just too dark.

— Nick BALA

Butterflies and
 merry memories
 pass among the
 silver clouds
 of Doom.
 And so I lie with her
 for one more time
 and sin.
 I do not care.

— Peter GENZEL

On the Day of My Execution

I am enveloped.
 The unfeeling white-washed walls
 are antiseptic ice
 ready to entrap me in their grip.
 A lone ray of sunlight shines
 into this unfeeling room.
 But it is a ray that gives no warmth
 for I am cold already.
 A lone shout pierces the raw silence
 and an echo slowly fades
 into the obscurity of the now long dead.
 And the lights that gave no heat
 are finally turned off
 and the room is once more
 jellied black pitch.
 I am enveloped.

— Peter GENZEL

Victoria Avenue 5:30 P.M.

You and I live with each other through a glass window
 I see you, you see me
 But neither of us can really feel what the other is doing
 The world and I live with each other through a glass window.
 I see it passing by
 But I cannot move fast enough for it
 And it will surely not stop for me.
 The world lives in itself through a glass window
 It sees where it is going
 But it will not (or cannot) stop —
 To change its course to what it wants.
 The glass window will long outlive you and me
 Unless we kill it
 Please talk to me and it will soon break
 For lack of loneliness

Robert CAMPBELL HENDERY — February 1969

Westmount Mountain

The hard snow creaks underfoot
 all aglitter in the early sun
 The air is crisp and clear
 No sign of man is here.
 The trees lie dormant
 Slaves to the snow
 Waiting to shed their burden
 And spring forth victorious
 Through eons to come.
 Quiet has for the moment
 Vanquished noise.
 True nature rules supreme for once
 When I'M up here I'M very sure.
 This was no fluke.

Robert CAMPBELL HENDERY — December 1968

to e.e.c. from d.e.c.

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 HOW
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 such
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 and Have it
 called
 ?Poetry;
 as wellasmaking lots of Money\$ froM it!!!

D. CAMPBELL

The Tree

It stood there tall and straight,
 It stood there in all its grace,
 And below it a little tree started to grow in increasing rate,
 And then began the battle for space.
 They began the battle not knowing their fate,
 And in the end the dying branches cried,
 And in the end not one was great,
 For in the end they both had died.
 Who is the sinner?
 No one will ever know.
 For in the end there was no winner.
 And now on that spot nothing new will grow.

— Bruce MILLER

Georgian Bay Sunrise (From Philjo Point)

The early morning sun brings hope
 As the evening sunset brings reflection.
 Hope that the chill of the unexpected that surrounds me
 Will turn into the joy of experience before long.
 The glassy water seems totally innocent
 It echoes all my thoughts and feelings forever.
 Quietly a small fish disturbs its smoothness
 And the lake distorts my image like a funny mirror.
 Yet, it continues to re-tell all my yesterday experiences
 And foretell all my tomorrows — and their hopes.
 The lonely tern — the wind stunted pine —
 They both reflect the ancient parable of the sower.
 The unmoving wisdom of the rocks tells me
 My search is only beginning.
 From its immense deepness, the water tells me
 It will take many trips across many different lakes
 Before I can understand the rocks.

Robert CAMPBELL HENDERY — July 1968

A Lesson in Semantics

A Comprehensive Definition of Benbowese
 (with apologies to G.C.I. Burgess)

Benbowese is defined as a mode of communication utilizing a bombastic dialect comprised of sesquipedalian nomenclature, to the end that the victim of such incoherence is coerced into cogitating profoundly upon the veracity of the preceding circumlocutative verbiage.

— Jon BENBOW

An Autumn Sunset

As we looked to the West we witnessed the most glorious vibrant transition of colour ever created by nature. We watched the menacing mountains looming over us and the gaping auburn fields spreads before us. The trees in their stately stillness cast a soft reflection on the glass like waters of the pond. It seemed to us as if wisps of coloured steam from a kettle were creeping closer, ever closer to the horizon. The sun in all its fiery orange glory, our monarch of heat and light, slowly descended behind the dusky horizon.

A. PATERSON. II A.

The Draft

The Draft has taken many a man
 Away from home to Vietnam.
 Some return and some do not,
 Some can cheer and some will not.
 Many drafted are to die,
 To die without a sigh;
 To die away from home
 For reasons not yet known.

R. BOX

Once
 I was blind
 with Hate,
 But God
 gave
 me back
 my eyes
 And now
 I see
 my enemies.

— Peter GENZEL

Ah, Hear me tell of Woe

(with apologies to William Shakespeare and Mark Antony)
 Friends, Students, Classmates, lend me your work;
 I come to copy it, not to do it on my own.
 The marks that boys earn live after them.
 The intelligence is taken for granted.
 So let it be with me. The Noble Master
 Hath told you work is good for you.
 If it were so, then I am unworthy
 And grievously have answered it.
 Here, under leave of Masters and teachers
 (For Masters are honourable men;
 So are they all, all honourable men.)
 Come I to speak at my detention
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me.
 But Master says that I am not worthy
 and Master is an honourable man.
 Master hath caught many who have done as I,
 Whose impos did the many notebooks fill,
 Did this in Master seem sadistic?
 When we students have cried, Master hath laughed.
 Homework should be made of sterner stuff,
 Yet A Master says that I have unworthiness
 And Master is an honourable man.
 You all did see that on the blackboard
 I thrice presented him an answer incorrect
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this unworthiness?
 Yet Master says I have unworthiness
 And sure he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Master has done
 But here I am to speak of what I can bull.
 You all did love work once, not without cause,
 What cause withholds you then to swear at it?
 O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts
 And men have lost their reason! Bear with me
 My heart is in the coffin there in detention
 But I must pause forthwith to make facsimile

Julius Caesar

Act III
 Scene II
 Lines 80 - 119

— Ed SEGALOWITZ

Come, Fill The Cup

Come, fill the Cup of yesterday's regrets with tomorrow's fears,
And drink the clear drops of Life's own blood;
And quench the thirst of knowledge unsurpassed
By questing the River of the Styx.

Begone, ye devils of the Dark Disciple!
Away to your hole in the soule of wicked men.
Leave not your taste of sour wine
On the tongues of gnashing teeth.

Parasites, ye commonest of Nature's Fowl!
Fly your words of evil discontent
To the Palace of the Dark Ages,
In the Land of the Divine Hades.

Come, fill the Cup of my unbelief,
Oh Thou of kingdoms far beyond
The Reaches of man's imprisoned mind.
Clear the Path of human antiquity
And erase the doubt of past Ages lost.

The Devil's trident of Mortal Sting:
The wailing of man's inconvenient Contract.
The stem of the Blood Flower is slashed,
Slowly dripping into the sea of unforgiven sins.

Relax thy fire, oh merciless Satan.
Let me drink again from the varied Cup of Life.
Release me from your mortal grip
And let me wail in the peace of Death.

Bruce R. P. FOX, Form VI

Reverie

The crashing of the waves, I hear,
as I venture out to sea;
Thinking of the past with you —
Occasionally thinking of me.

The shining light of the star-filled night
Is in my heart to stay,
The moon glows, the water flows as
My thoughts drift down the bay.

The sea is getting wilder, as I travel to the end —
then suddenly a guiding light
From the star did send.

My ship sails far, so free of land,
The wind-filled sails I guide by hand
Yet soon my dreams will end and more,
As my silenced ship returns to shore.

— Howard WINFIELD

— Jon BENBOW

POVERTY FAIR

Banners strung on posts
Welcoming the crowd,
Dingy little booths:
Fortune-tellers, palm-reading etc. —
Tuppence! (a crust for dinner).
Flocks enter to watch
 'Robo' lift 500 lbs.
on the peeled-wood, sagging stage
In the corner.
"PROFESSIONAL PLAYS" — 2 shillings
Three representatives of the
 Bridge Club
sitting there
Fools! Cheap imitations of Shakespeare;
Crumpled old men sniggering
 at the idiots
Who give up their money
for a balloon or a bear —
 They try harder.

J. HENDERSON, III A

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS 1969

L to R. Col. E. G. BRINE, PAUL MONOD, ANDREW LUDASI



The Tree

Its hands were stretching for the sky longing for forgiveness. The tree was swaying with the music of the wind. The skin was smooth to the touch and the smell was a pleasant fragrance of lilac. The tree was wise it was scolding the impertinent youngsters. The tree was human in a world of dreams.

A. STEWART, II A

The Storm

It was a horrifying night when the wind blew its hardest and the rain come in buckets. The trees were brushing the sky back and forth in a sweeping motion. Down came lightning in forks of all kinds; while the murderous noise of thunder could be heard for miles. Black blanketed the night except for the interruptions of bolts of fire. This is a night to remember.

A. STEWART, II A

STUDIO 42

I am fascinated by the complex system of bright lights high above me. A dozen of these are shining upon certain areas of the studio. A chill draft blows at my feet . . . up my spine . . . and I shiver as I study the cardboard and plywood sets stacked in a pile. My jaw is thrust open with awe . . . at the wondrous studio . . . The television faces smile at me . . . I smile in reply . . . I walk across the gigantic room . . . my clattering feet echo hollowly through it . . . all eyes are focused on me: the two ladies discussing the script view me from the corners of their eyes

. . . an old man on the audience-bench examines me through his thick spectacles . . . the prop-man eyes me from behind one of his columns . . . an old woman dressed in a mink stole looks at me . . .

I look at the wonders of the studio: the narrow railway tracks to carry props on leading into and out of a large storeroom . . . the three big cameras endlessly staring at the wall . . . the dust-covered grand piano and the schedule announcements board on the wall . . . And now, the lights turn on me!

George TOMBS

Man's Arrival on the Moon

Man throughout his entire existence has always wondered what actually lies beyond his planet earth. Even to-day man knows little about the planets that surround him and what he does know is not significant to his ever curious mind.

The moon is the closest planet of any kind outside the world's gravitational pull and atmosphere. It is to this foreign plant that man will first set foot and explore in this coming year. Scientists have studied the moon closely through powerful telescopes and have firmly stated that no living matter is existing or can exist in the conditions that exist on the moon's surface. Why go and explore the moon if there is not anything of importance on it? Many people have asked this question. The answers are many and varied. The possibilities that the moon has are unlimited and it is these possibilities that keep the American and Russian space programmes going. The country

which can land a man on the moon first will probably claim most of the moon for that country. The moon will probably be divided up into sections like Antarctica is to-day between the two founding nations which will be the United States and the U.S.S.R.

Soon after the first landings scientific settlements will be established most likely containing geologists and meteorologists and various other types of scientists. Great care will be taken to guard against any earthly germ coming on to the moon which might destroy any existing life. If one can live on the moon easily without discomfort I am sure colonies will start. There is no limit to what can be done. Just a decade ago space travel was fiction, but now space travel has become quite a regular occurrence.

David PEIPPO, IIIB

A Different Life

Jamaica is a long way away; about 1,300 miles. However, the distance between Canada and Jamaica in their cultures is about three centuries. Canada is cold, prosperous, developed and She has been independent for one hundred and one years. On the other hand, Jamaica is hot, tiny, un-developed and She has been independent for only six years. Canadians are only interested in Jamaica as a tourist center. Actually, if you took their word for it, you would believe that Jamaica had nothing more to offer. To most people, Jamaica is a nice place to sit in the sun.

In fact, her tourist industry is her most important one. Most of her coast is lined with hotels. Her whole economy is geared to it. It also provides thousands of jobs which are badly needed. What other attractions are there in this island? If one is looking for a permanent job, there are plenty in the business section. Despite the fact that the population is 97% black, many key business positions are held by white people. However, the government is all black. Incidentally, the Jamaican Prime Minister, Hugh Shearer, is very good.

Canada and Jamaica have many things in common. The system of government is the same, as are the courts. Jamaicans take a lively interest in the courts. Their police force is small but efficient. The whole island has three newspapers. Cars are few and they belong mostly to the white population. As can be seen, their institutions are much the same, if not as large.

What is life like for the normal black person? Many are farmers, some independent and some

work for white people. Many are involved in domestic work, either in hotels or in the houses of white people or upper class blacks. Pay is low; about seven hundred dollars a year. In their society, there are three categories: white, upper-class black and lower-class black. Food is not expensive and many people grow their own or steal some from the local golf course. Taxes are low and there is very little insurance.

However, one is struck immediately by their lack of sense of time. In Jamaica, time does not matter, money does not matter and jobs do not matter. Sleeping, having fun and going to the market do matter. It is really very hard to keep track of what day it is. If you invite a Jamaican for dinner at eight, set your table at nine. The majority of the natives could not care less about politics or education; they would much rather just sing and dance and drink. This does not mean that they are not nice. They are extremely congenial, loyal and they are not prejudiced.

What is it people like so much about Jamaica? I believe it is the complete lack of pressure and dead-lines. There is a sense of relaxation you can't find in Canada. It just seems as if there is always time for swimming. I enjoyed the relaxation and the climate. Perhaps I will get used to Canadian winters but, right now, Jamaica seems to be a paradise with her temperatures consistently between sixty and ninety. That is what appeals to me.

B. TURNER, IIIB

ME

Sometimes, when I am alone at home watching television and seeing all the fighting and killing that is taking place in some far off countries today, I think of my family and "Me" and wonder if my sisters and I will be able to grow up in a decent world or whether we will be all blown up by the Atom Bomb. When I listen to the news on the radio, the news always seems to be bad. I turn on the television and see a lot of fighting and killing. It makes me wonder why nobody tries to stop all the misery in the world. I do not know

what I would do if I did not have my family, for we have a lot of fun together.

I have several hobbies and some of them I share with my father, such as fishing and rock collecting. We both belong to the Montreal Gem and Mineral Club. I also collect stamps and build models. I enjoy it a great deal when we are in the country and I am allowed to steer a motor boat on the lake.

Thomas KONIGSTHAL

L I N E S
DEDICATED TO THOSE WHOSE PRIVILEGE IT IS TO PERFORM
BEFORE THE BOYS OF FORM VII

With glowing cheeks and happy smile,
With easy phrase and flowing style,
He'll speak of races to be run,
Of well-fought battles lost and won.

"Who but an *idiot, boy*, confess,
Could find himself in such distress?
Volumes of cubes are not compared
By introducing $11r^2$

"If other things you have forgot,
Of this," he says, "take special *not*:
More lovable than any hippy,
There never was a guy like Skippy."

"If you would care to end up fit
We three can take your sweat for it.
We make the fearsome grouping felt
Of Celt, Canadian and Celt."

"Look!" he's often heard to cry
With gentle voice, but staring eye.
He's very willing to allow
The time to *get it done* is now.

"Of easy formulae beware:
Such is the facile critic's snare.
Of every plot one can't be rid
By climbing Freytag's pyramid."

He moves at devastating pace,
With thrusting jaw and eager face.
At Latin and the manual knack
The one who's on the ball's the Jack.

"*Gentlemen*, you ought to know,
When dealing with French verbs, or so,
Your efforts I'll not deprecate,
When you will try to concentrate."

With blinking eye and outstretched hands,
Before his wards he stoutly stands.

"*Mais, voyez-vous*, you go too far.
Qui parle en arrière là-bas?"

"*Men*, come along and run with us
Beneath that frowning cumulus.
Come on! Let's see who'll get there first!
By gosh! I hope it doesn't burst!"

"You guys may think you're pretty smart!"
He'll shout, and then he'll start
From ground-floor labs to laugh and laugh
— And waken all the third-floor staff.

"I am a *man* (I'm not a *mouse*):
I lead the singing in the House.
You're rather weak: why, I alone
Can drown you with my baritone."

"You've spilt the H_2SO_4
Upon a friend? You've lit the floor?
The school's ablaze? Don't bother me:
I'll see you when I've had some tea."

*Students, I mean you no offence
In pointing out that, though your sense
Of the grotesque grows daily stronger,
The staff have all been stranger longer.*

J. P. H.

Modern Babel

Jungle-thick, steel and stone —
Massive forms
Needle straight —
Scrape the lofty clouds.

Towering, metal and concrete —
Authority symbols
Mechonized creeds —
Articulate neon gospels.
To mindless machines
With thoughts
Mere orchestrated,
Toneless twangs.

The ocme has been attained.
The earthbound form
Is transmuted to noble gold.
Find your divinity in monoxide
Poison.

Rise Lozarus!
It's April!

Rise from dust
To your zenith.
Communicate from the Grave.
Attain the new towering
Babel of concrete — The
Steeled cells reach
One
Primal height.

G. C. I. B.
21/4/69

Pure Essence

*Horridas nostrae mentis purga
tenebras accende lumen sensibus*

The ebon plague falls
 From seven vials,
And blackness devours
 White innocence.
The censer cast
Fire-filled from the Ethereal Altar
Spirals in seven-winged flames.
Rising from black to aureate gold,
Redness consumes. From putrefaction
And pollution, rises the Fallen —
A serpentine aspect — Phoenix-like
In dark and light.
From Earth
 In crystalline clarity
And plastic in transition
Spire
 Wild
 And
 Whirling colours.
Black Saturn's depth
 Spawns liquid Hermes.
In flux,
 Mercury ascends, child-like,
From silver to gold.
 In ebony flux,
Salvation and strength ar ecome.
Glass seas mingle
 And merge with heaven-born fires
Red as blood. Scarlet
Fountains and rivers mount
Onto twelve jewelled foundations
Supporting the jasper —
 Clear crystolyte.
The Egg is led to the emerald throne.
New essences
Exude, ethereal, foetal shapes
Images of Hope —
 Man's despair
Images of Pleasure
 His Pain
In fallen, ascending matter.

G. C. I. B.
21/4/69

G GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, &
REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE
IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT

surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

FOUND IN OLD SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH, BALTIMORE; DATED 1692

CONTRIBUTED BY JON BENBOW

COMBINED CHAMPIONSHIP

	Lucas	Macaulay	Wanstall	Speirs
Work	267.61	300.00	298.16	240.73
General	155.23	162.11	142.95	150.20
Soccer	60.00	32.00	88.00	100.00
Hockey	61.79	75.23	100.00	72.14
Cross-country	32.71	29.75	39.23	50.00
Skiing	42.71	42.19	50.00	32.30
Gymnastics	50.00	26.42	34.59	32.26
Juniors	45.95	33.80	40.30	38.00
	716.00	701.61	794.23	715.63

Maximum 1000

1. WANSTALL	882.4
2. LUCAS	795.6
3. SPEIRS	795.2
4. MACAULAY	779.6

The positions in the 1968-1969 competitions, up to and including the Gymnastic Displays, were:—

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP

	Lucas	Macaulay	Wanstall	Speirs
Discipline	50.0	29.8	32.8	30.4
Work	100.0	58.9	77.9	59.4
Order	48.5	50.0	49.7	47.6
Football	38.9	11.1	44.4	50.0
Hockey	50.0	42.8	50.0	28.6
Gymnastics	34.4	44.0	27.4	50.0
	321.8	236.6	282.2	266.0

Maximum 100

1. LUCAS	91.9
2. WANSTALL	80.6
3. SPEIRS	76.0
4. MACAULAY	67.6

COMBINED CHAMPIONSHIP, 1967-68

	Lucas	Macaulay	Wanstall	Speirs
Work	300.00	219.78	260.97	250.00
General	160.60	143.51	155.24	185.20
Soccer	75.00	65.00	60.00	100.00
Hockey	74.60	55.50	100.00	92.50
Skiing	36.24	40.23	45.46	48.43
Gymnastics	70.00	40.28	47.32	57.46
Swimming	17.14	12.86	30.00	17.14
Athletics	87.24	59.57	42.55	100.00
Juniors	44.78	36.45	43.54	39.01
	865.60	673.18	785.08	890.54

Maximum 1000

1. SPEIRS	890.54
2. LUCAS	865.60
3. WANSTALL	785.08
4. MACAULAY	673.18

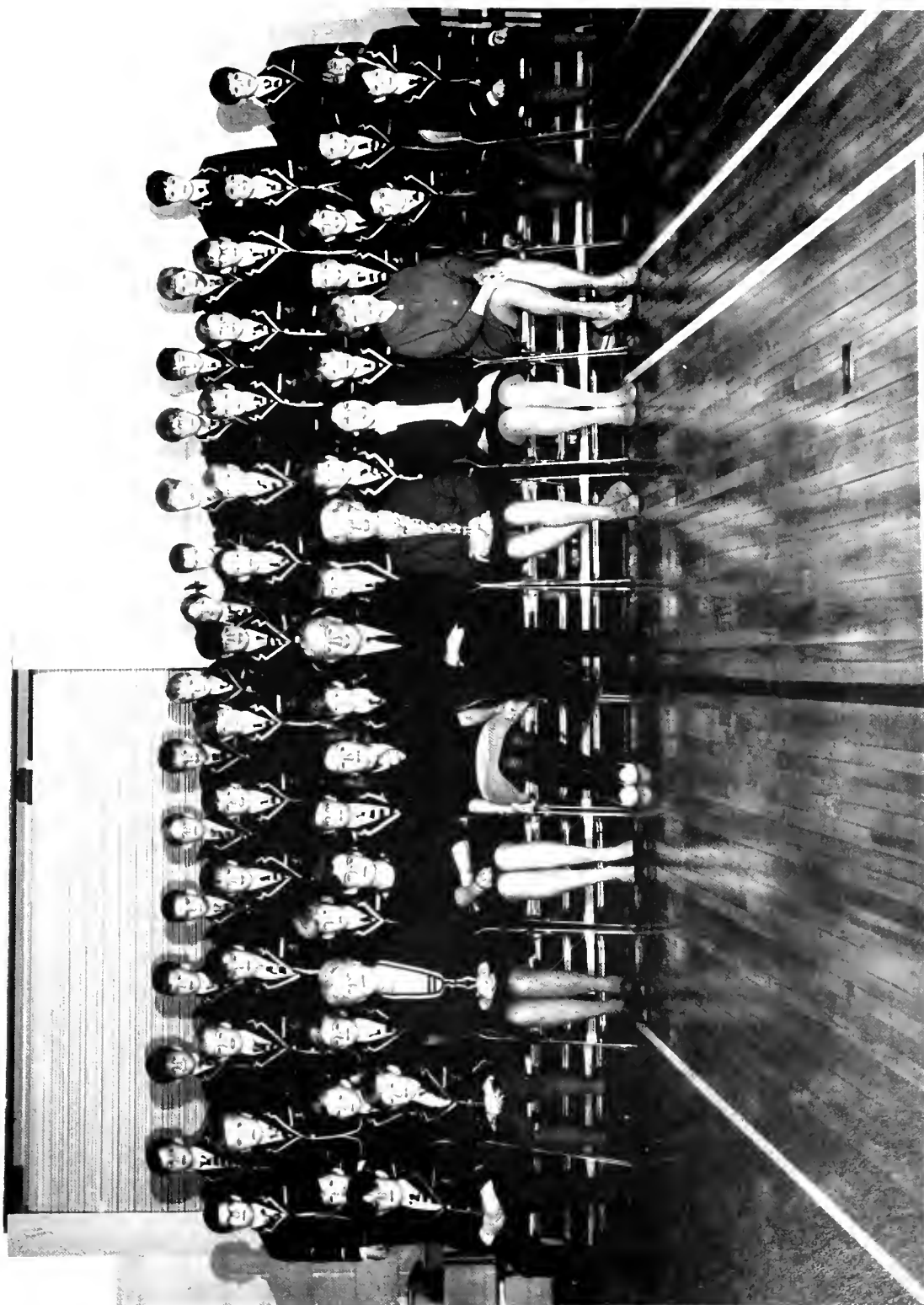
HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP, 1967-1968

	Lucas	Macaulay	Wanstall	Speirs
Work	100.0	86.0	84.6	55.1
Discipline	50.0	28.6	28.3	35.4
Order	48.0	49.8	50.0	44.7
Football	50.0	28.6	50.0	42.9
Hockey	43.8	18.8	37.5	50.0
Gymnastics	29.2	30.8	50.0	43.4
Choir	13.6	25.0	25.0	20.5
Dramatic, Literary	23.6	25.0	22.9	20.1
	358.2	291.6	348.3	312.1

Maximum 100

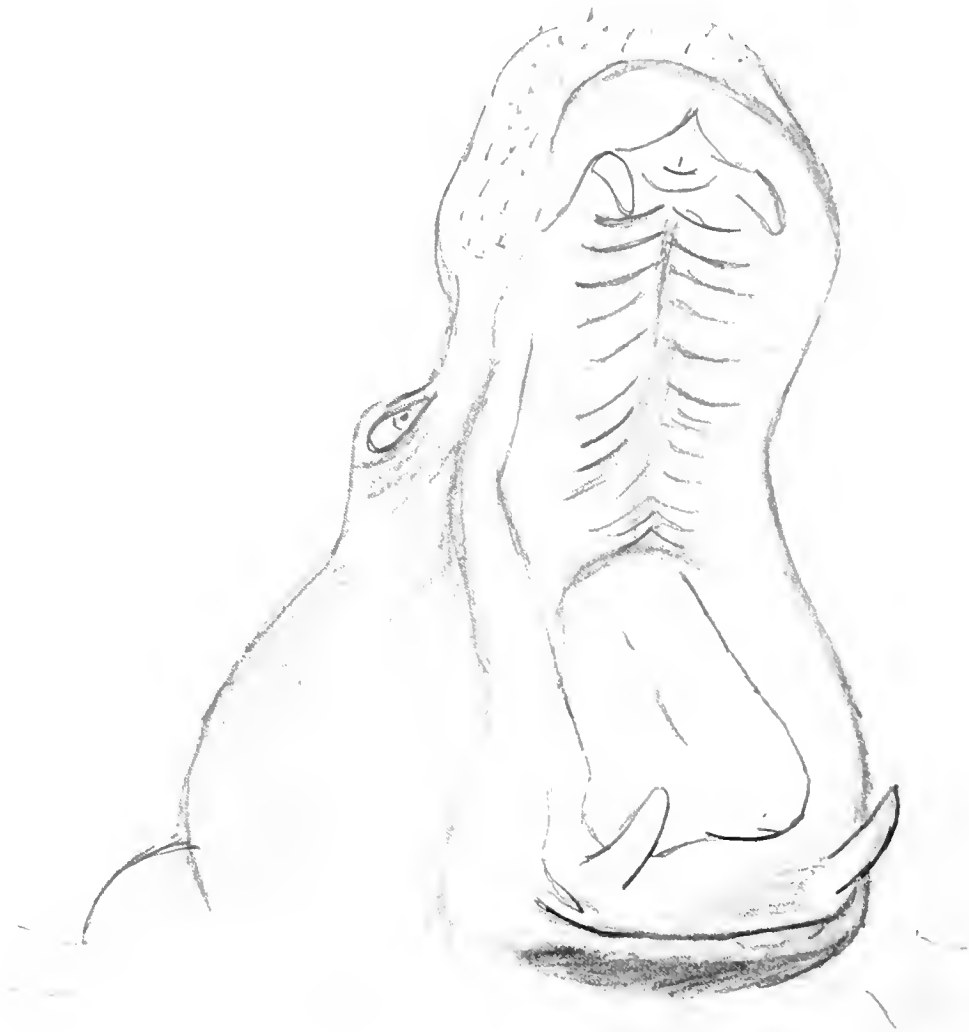
1. LUCAS	89.6
2. WANSTALL	87.1
3. SPEIRS	78.0
4. MACAULAY	72.9



JUNIOR SCHOOL SECTION

*Is this Monday Morning
or
Just Arithmetic AGAIN*

J. KERRIN II



INTRODUCTION

Looking back to last September and the first term of this year when school was full of strange men going purposefully about their business behind draped dust curtains and sealed doors; when hammerings, wherring and tappings were the background music to our day, we appreciate more than ever the orderliness of the Easter and Summer terms.

During this happening there was no gymnasium, but mercifully, the days were bright and sunny, and games were played outside until the weather let us down just before Christmas. Then the only exercise to be got was by a little extra wriggling in class: a very poor substitute for the real thing. January was the revelation!

For the Juniors there was the cheery, gay new Art Room, and the gigantic gymnasium. It was

most exciting, and well worth the hurly-burly and dust of the previous term.

FORM D:

The boys in Form D have quite an adjustment to make, coming as they do from varying kindergartens into a room of strange boys and fresh teachers. The wonder is that it takes only a few days before new friendships are formed and shyness is gone. Before long, even the most timid child can negotiate the long hall, clutching the register to take to the office.

To stay for lunch is indeed an occasion and one conversation overheard went like this: "I like macaroni very much. Last summer we went out to a farm and got some delicious macaroni straight from the cows".

FORM C

Dogs are dogs,
Cats are cats.
What are boys?
They are noise.

Pierre BAILLARGEON

A poem

In the year 1968
Near a lake
I saw Indians
Try to get a spear
In a bear's rear.
But the bear
Ran clear
Of the spear.
Then they tried
To get their spears
In a deer's rear
But the deer' also
Ran clear
Of the spear.

Pierre GOAD

A dream

In the middle of the night
I turned in the light
And saw such a sight
It gave me a fright:
A black ghostly knight
Of very great height!
I got up to fight,
Hit him with my might
And he vanished from sight.
So I turned off the light:
Good-night.

by R. GORDON-CLARK

Jim and Tim

Jim and Tim play all day.
Jim and Tim fight all night.
They fight all night
And they write all night,
But they never have any light.

Mark OGILVY

My Wish

I wish I had a mini bike and I'd ride it around my lane.
At dinner time, I would go and put my mini bike in my garage.
Then I would play with it next day.

Nicholas POWELL,
age 8 year old.

My Holiday

My family went to main (sic) for summer holidays.
One day my father took me sailing with a friend. We saw lots
and lots of lobster traps. My father let us steer the boat and
let us drive it back. And I liked that.

William ATKINS,
age 7 years.

FORM B 1

BEARDS

People have long beards, short beards, yellow beards, red beards. Why
do people have beards? Are they trying to hide a pimple, or are they trying to
keep their chin warm, or are they trying to look nice? Who knows? Not me.

My father should know because he has one.

I feel beards look nice if they are not exaggerated. I would like to have
one when I grow up.

What about you?

David GAMEROFF, B1

THE ANIMALS

How can a mouse
Get into a House?
With his little black nose
He gets through any holes.
How can a bear
Give us a scare?
With his great big claws
On his great big paws.
How can a cat
Catch a rat?
With his eyes so bright
He can see at night.
How can a dog
Slep like a log?
With his paw over his ear
He does not hear.
How can a horse
Run round a course?
With his big black feet
He is as swift as sleet.

Stephen FONTEIN, B1

AFTERNOON SKIING

I was at Skiboon and was in the chalet eating a hot-dog for lunch, when
I first saw the big man in the red jacket. After lunch, when I was in line for the
chair, a saw him again. He was talking about how gaod he was at skiing, and
sa we rode the tow together. At the top I went down the easy slope and he went
down the steep one; when I got down to the bottom I saw a crowd of people.
They were looking at same skis in the snow; they began digging and found the
big man in the red jacket!

Unfortunately he had broken his leg.

C. R. BIRD, B1

FORM B2

MORNING

The first thing I think about is to yawn.
 The second thing I think about is to try to make a bigger yawn.
 The third thing I think about is to get up.
 The fourth thing I think about is to get dressed.
 The fifth thing I think about is walking across Westmount Park.
 The sixth thing I think about is going back to sleep.

IAIN STEWART-PATTERSON, Form B2

A DREAM

Nights are always very exciting for me. Once, for instance, I dreamt I owned a Lotus for my family car, and a Ferrari racer. The Ferrari was run at the world's largest race tracks winning all the races except one in 1964. That was when I had my first accident.

The Ferrari hit the wheels of a Cooper-Maserati, went into a wild spin, turned over and burst into red and blue flames, after a terribly

loud explosion. Peter Hodgan was the Cooper-Maserati's driver. He lost a wheel, went out of control, and crashed into a grandstand. Both Peter and I were flung from our cars, shook hands in mid-air, landed in the sea with a sudden cold splash and went scuba diving.

I woke up and there was George, my brother grinning and holding an empty water glass.

JOHN, Form B2

MY TRIP

This summer I am going to Britain with my family. We are flying to London and I hope to see Buckingham Palace, the tower of London, Carnaby Street, and other interesting places. We are going to drive to Edinburgh, sight seeing on the way.

In Scotland I am going to visit my grandparents and my cousins for a few weeks.

I am looking forward to my trip, especially as my father has promised me a kitten when we get back to Montreal.

Jeremy NICOL, Form B2

SAILING BOATS

I have a beautiful sailing boat, with a bright red sail, and a rudder. It sails very fast and has won nine races since I got it. I've had it for three years.

Once I was racing it with my grandfather, and his boat was called the Flounder. While they were racing, my boat caught the rigging of my grandfather's boat and ripped the sail. So my boat won!

Kevin RATCLIFF, Form B2

MY FIRST SKIING TRIP

I will never forget the day I went skiing for the first time. I arrived at the appointed place ahead of my teacher and donned my boots and skis. I started off going, down hill faster and faster. I found myself heading for a wall and un-

able to stop. Rather than hit it, I decided to disgrace myself, and sat right down on my seat. This had the desired effect, and I came to a tumbled stop. I said nothing of this to my teacher when she arrived.

Chris POWELL, Form B2

HOCKEY

On Fridays I play hockey. Our team is called the White Nights. I had just got off the bench to play defence. One of the best men came down the ice. I was the only defence man because the other one was down at the other end. The boy came up.

I got the puck away from him and passed it to another boy who was the smallest on our team. The small boy took a long shot. It passed all the men. The shot had gone right in! We won the game four to zero!

Peter OLIVER, Form B2

'Round the World

I've explored all Canada
 As much as Grenada —
 Also cold Iceland
 And freezing Greenland!
 I've visited France —
 Done many a dance
 I've looked at Spain
 All in the rain.
 I've journeyed to Iran
 And to West Paskistan.
 I've been in Istanbul
 And warful Israel.
 I've been to Norway, Sweden, Finland,
 And Warsaw in Poland.
 I went to Greece
 And then my niece
 Said "Go to Amsterdam!
 And of course — Rotterdam!"
 I've drunk syrup
 But never in Europe.
 I've been to Britain
 And this is where this was written.

Richard SMALL, Form A1, Age 9

City Traffic

It's very noisy, "Honk honk!" go the horns.
 "Screech!" go the autos as they hit the bumpy
 road. "Crash!" goes one car as it hits the sidewalk.

"Swish!" goes a car in the slush. "Squaw!" go the
 fire-engines. "Crackle!" goes a car as it rubs over
 stones. And that's a lot of noise!

Peter O'HEARN, Form A1, Age 9

The First Foghorn

In St. John, New Brunswick, there lived a man
 named Robert Foulis. Robert Foulis was a piano
 teacher who often walked in a dense fog to his
 pupils.

One day after he had ben teaching one of his
 pupils he heard about a great ship disaster. The
 shop disaster occurred when a ship in fag hit a
 huge rock while entering St. John's harbour. All
 the people in the town wanted to find some way
 to warn ships. They had tried firing a cannon and
 ringing bells, but neither worked.

After hearing this conversation Robert Foulis
 was walking home in fog when he heard his
 daughter, Elizabeth, playing. She was playing a
 scale and Robert noticed that the lower notes
 came through the fog better than the higher anes.
 Getting interested, he walked home and told his
 daughter to play the scale again five times. At
 one hundred paces he still could hear the one low

nate better than the higher anes. At two hundred
 and fifty paces he still heard the same thing.

Thinking he had made an important discovery
 he called some of his pupils' fathers who were
 ship owners. They raised a little money, to set up
 a place on Partridge Island. No one ever wanted
 fog more than Robert Foulis did! In two weeks'
 time there was some fog and at one-minute inter-
 vals that booming note, which went over the
 harbour, was sounded. Ship captains said they
 could hear the note for miles across the sea.

The government thought that Robert Foulis
 had made an important discovery and decided to
 install a boiler far the experimental plant an
 Partridge Island. The idea was copied and copied
 all over the world. All this happened in 1854 and
 nobody knows haw many lives have been saved
 by Robert Foulis.

Jamie TURNER, Form A1, Age 9

The Bread Baskets of Canada

Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan are "The Bread Baskets of Canada", or in other words, the "Canadian Wheatlands". There the wheat is plentiful. There is so much that Canada ships many tons of it to foreign countries.

Much of it is made into bread. The workers cut the wheat and then take it to factories where other workers make it into flour and then into bread.

The shipping men take the grain to the nearest railroad station. The freight trains then take it to Vancouver, Montreal or other major seaports.

The Canadian Pacific Railway was built for

this reason, or, more important, Canada promised to build a trans-continental railway which would transport wheat if British Columbia would join The Dominion of Canada — (Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia at that time).

British Columbia accepted. The railway was finished in 1885, and so wheat could be shipped to many seaports.

Today, many boxcars of trains travel along with a chug-chug-choo carrying much wheat and grain from "Canada's Bread Baskets" to coastal seaports where it will be shipped to other countries.

Richard SMALL, Form A1, Age 9

Midnight Mystery

In an old fishing camp, on the banks of a huge lake, a fisherman was complaining that all his catch had disappeared during the night. He was very angry and everybody laughed at him, but were sorry when, the next morning, found their fish gone too.

They thought that the fisherman had done it and they went towards the fisherman's house. Halfway there they met him and he asked, "Are your fish missing too?"

The others answered, "Yes", we thought that

you had taken them."

Their fish kept disappearing for over a week, so they decided to have one man watch and see what happened. That very night, he saw the thief. It was a great black bear, and he was coming for more.

The next morning, the man told the other men what he had seen. He said, "I heard a rumble in the bushes, but I couldn't see it. I waited a moment and there stood a great black bear. He has been taking the fish." The mystery was solved.

Robin ROHLICEK, Form A1, Age 9

The Snake

The snake wiggles up and down,
He travels over lots of ground.
He uses his tongue to catch some flies,
This job calls for very good eyes.
When he gets fat he changes his skin,
The old one's too tight for him to stay in.

Jamie AIKENS, Form A2

The Snake

As I was walking by the lake,
I came across a harmless snake.
It writhed and wiggled along the grass
And simply wouldn't let me pass.

Michael HOOTON, Form A2

The Spider

I know a Spider, his name is Sam
He's rather queer; he likes to eat ham.
He's fat and hairy and crosseyed to boot,
He's red all over, but awfully cute.
He sleeps all day and spins all night
His webby home is a big delight
He barks like a dog and smiles like a cat
He'll do tricks through his web if you give him a pat.

Andrew SHARP, Form A2

The Spider

There once was spider,
He spun a silken web,
And after he had finished it
He said "I'd like to wed".
He found a pretty bride
Who was spinning a web,
While sitting in the middle
Of a flower bed.

P. HALL, Form A2

At the Horse Races

One day we went to the reces,
We saw so many pretty faces.
The horse that won,
Weighed almost a ton
And couldn't do up his shoelaces.

Hugh WELSFORD, Form A2

The Storm

One day there was a storm,
I was in bed all cuddled and warm.
It was showering rain,
But I did not complain,
For I like the way the different clouds form.

Hugh WELSFORD, Form A2

The Snake

Once I saw a snake,
Who was always alert, and always awake.
So I saw him on the ground,
And he made a huge sound,
So I gave him my black and yellow birthday cake.

Hugh WELSFORD, Form A2

My Salamander

My salamander has three orange stripes, one on each side of him and one on his back.

A salamander is a type of lizzard. My salamander is a very small one. In Italy they have salamanders that grow to be five feet long. The ones in Italy live out of water, but the one I have is not from Italy and it lives in water.

Mine could live out of water for one hour or one hour and a half and then it would die.
But what I do is, keep it in some water.
A salamander is an amphibian.

The End

by Todd FINKELSTEIN, Form A2

My Nightmare

I was sleeping in my bed when I had a terrible nightmare and this was it. I dreamt I was on a pirate ship and all alone. The pirates had gone ashore to bury some treasure and I was left to guard the ship. I had a feeling I was being watch-

ed. I heard a strange sound, but it was my parrot. I knew someone was coming because he had disturbed my parrot. I hid myself hoping he would not find me. He came close to me and saw me. The next minute I awoke in a cold sweat.

Waldemar BOCKLER, Form A2

Afternoon Academic Prizegiving 1968

On the afternoon of 14th June the guest of honour was Mr. George Currie, an Old Boy of the school.

He spoke of the sociological problems affecting the world to-day and related them to this permissive age when children and young people make their own decisions, getting what they want when

they want it. This he feels does not prepare them to face the larger world. "Sooner or later," he stated, "these children have to learn to face some sort of authority which is likely to come as quite a bump." Mr. Currie told the boys in concluding his remarks, "the most important kind of discipline is the kind you get in school."

The following are the afternoon awards:—

PRIZE LIST

Form D	1st Pierre Goad	2nd Ross McKim
Form C	1st John Embiricos	2nd Marc Wolvin
Form B1	1st Richard Small	2nd James Turner
Form B2	1st Robin Rohlicek	2nd Ronnie Schouela
Form A1	1st Julian Heller Leslie Landsberger	2nd David Stewart-Patterson
Form A2	1st Geoffrey Lewis	2nd Hugh Thresher
Form IA	1st Neil Matheson	2nd Michael Thau
Form IB	1st Stuart Iversen	2nd Joseph Amblard
Form IIA	1st Jeremy Henderson	2nd William Turner
Form IIB	1st David Peippo	2nd Graeme Watt

SPECIAL PRIZES

Distinction in Junior French
(Presented by Mrs. G. Miller Hyde)
James Ross

Distinction in Junior Choirs
Christopher Shannon Marc Wolvin

Distinction in Form I Choir
Neil Bird

Distinction in Form II Choir
William Gould

Magazine Contest Awards
Junior School Middle School
Eric Stevenson William Turner

Art Prizes
(Donated by Mrs. P. McG. Stoker and Mrs. L. Schreiber)
Andrew Stewart Thomas Konigsthal

Dramatics Award
(Presented by Mrs. H. S. Bogert)
Gregg Laliberté

The Grant Gaiennie Memorial Award
(For all-round Ability in Form I)
A. Stewart

Medal for Outstanding Achievement in House Competition
(Presented by Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Kairis)
Leslie Landsberger

The Afra Snead Shield
(Awarded for over-all ascendancy in Inter-House Competition
in the Junior School)
Lucas House

The New Art Room

The new art room is conveniently situated on the second floor beside the Gym masters' Office. In it tables, chairs and art equipment may be found. Also in the art room are many cupboards and even a small office for Mrs. Sutton. Classes from Form B through Form 1 are given the privilege to use the art room (on alternate days). Each of the forms mentioned above use the room for two periods every week. The art room comfortably holds up to thirty working people.

The classes involved do all kinds of work, such as: sketching, colage, designing and painting. All things said, the art room is a very useful and exciting part of the school.

by Eric GOODWILL, IA



HOW TO GET DRESSED FOR HOCKEY

Take one sweater, one pair of hockey socks, one pair of hockey pants, one hat, one helmet, one pair of hockey gloves, skates, and a hockey stick.

Put them on the floor and stir. If you find the right sock and the left skate, and helmet, but not your hat, you are in a mess. But if you find your socks before your skates and your hat before your helmet, you are all right. So put on your stockings and then your pants. Take off your blazer and tie put on your sweater, hat and helmet. Then put on your skates and tie them tightly. Put on your gloves, pick up your stick, and now you are ready to play.

Uh-Uh! It's raining!

Iain Stewart-Patterson, Form B

MEMBERS OF SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL

1968 - 1969

Agar, Thomas
 Aikens, Jaimie
 Ainley, William
 Alsop, John
 Amblard, Joseph
 Anderson, Leslie
 Andrews, Hartland
 Aspinall, David
 Atkins, William
 Baillargeon, Paul
 Baillargeon, Pierre
 Bala, Nicholas
 Baldwin, Blair
 Ballantyne, David
 Barer, David
 Barnes, Nigel
 Beamish, Alexander
 Beardmore, Ian
 Benbow, Jonathan
 Benson, Mark
 Berman, Brett
 Besner, Jonathan
 Besner, Charles
 Besso, Joseph
 Bird, Neil
 Bird, Colin
 Black, John
 Black, Andrew
 Bockler, Waldemar
 Borner, Martin
 Boswell, Gerald
 Bourne, Gerald
 Boivaird, Christopher
 Box, Richard
 Boyd, James
 Bremner, Dean
 Brickenden, Saxe
 Brodtkin, Richard
 Brooke, Christopher
 Byrne, Rory
 Campbell, Duncan
 Campbell, Peter
 Campbell, Robert
 Carriere, Raymond
 Carter, Howard
 Casselman, Kenneth
 Chambers, Michael
 Chambers, William
 Chancer, Robert
 Chukly, Leslie
 Clark, Kenneth
 Clarke, Brian
 Clarke, David
 Clarke, Kevin
 Claxton, David
 Claxton, Edward
 Connolly, John

Cooper, John
 Cooper, Thomas
 Cooper, Michael
 Copping, James
 Cordeau, Marc
 Coristine, Herbert
 Cottingham, William
 Cottingham, Andrew
 Cottingham, David
 Crawford, John
 Creighton, Denton
 Creighton, David
 Creighton, Andrew
 Cronin, David
 Culver, Andrew
 Culver, Mark
 Currie, Gordon
 Dalglish, Andrew
 Dawes, Michael
 Dawson, Douglas
 Deghenghi, Luigi
 Demers, David
 Dibben, Wayne
 Disher, Scott
 Domville, Nicholas
 Donaldson, Bruce
 Donaldson, Keith
 Dopking, Brian
 Dorey, James
 Doultton, Bruce
 Drejer, Bjorn
 Drejer, Uffe
 Dumper, Timothy
 Earle, Richard
 Elliott, Ross
 Elliott, Fraser
 Elliott, Jordon
 Embiricos, John
 Emory, Arthur
 Federer, Andrew
 Finkelstein, Jeffery
 Finkelstein, Todd
 Fisher, Robert
 Fitzpatrick, Brian
 Flemming, John
 Foch, Eric
 Foch, Anthony
 Fontein, Stephen
 Ford, Andrew
 Fox, Bruce
 Fricker, John
 Friedman, Jay
 Gameroff, David
 Gameroff, Simon
 Gault, Nicolas
 Gentles, Brian
 Genzel, Peter

Gioia, Niccolo
 Goad, Pierre
 Gold, Daniel
 Goldbloom, Jonathan
 Goldfarb, Robert
 Gombay, Matthew
 Goodall, James
 Goodall, Robert
 Goodfellow, Charles
 Goodfellow, Ian
 Goodfellow, John
 Goodwill, Jonathan
 Goodwill, Eric
 Gordon, Campbell
 Gordon, Robert
 Gordon-Clark, Robert
 Gould, William
 Graham, Ian
 Gray, Taylor
 Groome, Reginald
 Groome, Roderick
 Groome, Richard
 Grossman, John
 Grassman, Peter
 Grosvenor, Philip
 Hale, Geoffrey
 Hall, Robert
 Hall, Philip
 Hall, Christopher
 Halligan, Timothy
 Hallward, Graham
 Hallward, John
 Halpern, Jack
 Hamavitch, Jonathan
 Hannon, Gregory
 Hastings, Roy
 Hastings, John
 Heath, Murray
 Heathcote, Simon
 Heft, Robert
 Heller, Julian
 Henderson, Jeremy
 Hendery, Campbell
 Herington, Gordon
 Hodgson, Peter
 Hogan, Richard
 Hollinger, Jonathan
 Holy, Thomas
 Hooton, Clive
 Hooton, Michael
 Hopkinson, Nicholas
 Howard, Todd
 Howson, Jonathan
 Hugessen, Jaime
 Hunt, Anthony
 Iny, Georges
 Iversen, Stuart

James, Roswell
 Jenkins, George
 Johnston, Michael
 Johnston, Thomas
 Jolin, Blake
 Just, Alexander
 Just, Marc
 Kaplan, Eric
 Karass, Larry
 Kazam, Sassoon
 Keefer, Wilks
 Kent, Patrick
 Kenwood, Jeffrey
 Kenwood, Donald
 de Keresztes, Christian
 Kerr, Andrew
 Kerrin, Peter
 Kerrin, Jeffrey
 Khazzam, Phillip
 Kilgour, Malcolm
 Kippen, Alexander
 Kishfy, Brian
 Kivestu, Peeter
 Konigsthal, Thomas
 Korn, Paul
 Lande, Robert
 Landell, Robert
 Landell, Cameron
 Landsberger, Leslie
 Lang, Thomas
 Lapin, Michael
 Lavendal, Michael
 Lawrence, Burke
 Lawrence, John
 Lawton, Peter
 Laxton, Christopher
 LeGall, Michel
 Legere, James
 Lewis, Blakeney
 Lewis, Geoffrey
 Light, John
 Linden, Ronald
 Locke, James
 London, Max
 Lovell, Walter
 Ludasi, Andrew
 Ludgate, Brian
 Ludgate, Stephen
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 Malcolm, Andrew
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 Marchant, Timothy
 Marie, Robert
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 Maris, George

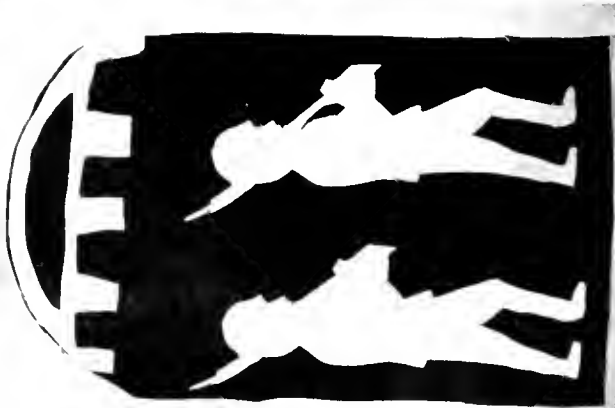
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 Miller, Gerald
 Moffat, Malcolm
 Molson, Christopher
 Morse, Henry
 Motter, John
 MacBrien, Michael
 MacDougall, Robert
 MacDougall, John
 MacLean, Stephen
 MacWatt, John
 McCallum, David
 McCallum, James
 McConnell, Philippe
 McCoy, Lyle
 McDonald, Lorne
 McDougall, Duncan
 McDougall, David
 McKeown, David
 McKeown, Scott
 McKim, Ross
 McKinnon, John
 Naiman, David
 Neilson, Charles
 Nemec, Frank
 Nemec, Karel
 Nemec, Andrew
 Nercessian, David
 Nevard, Andrew
 Newman, Duncan
 Nicholson, Jay
 Nicholson, Corey
 Nicol, Jeremy
 Noble, Christopher
 Nonnenman, David
 Norris, Christopher
 Norris, David
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 O'Hearn, Peter
 Oliver, Robert
 Oliver, Bruce

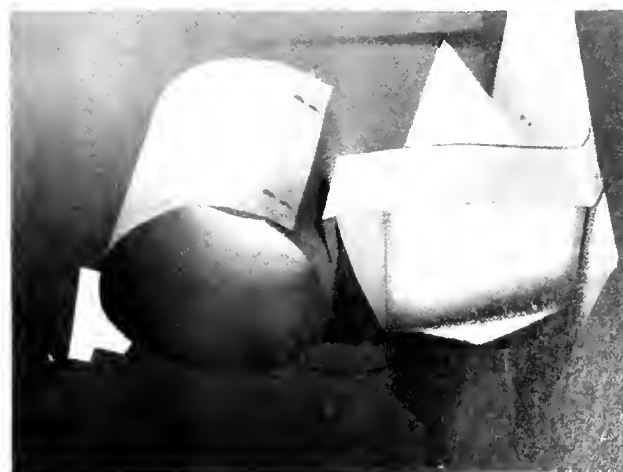
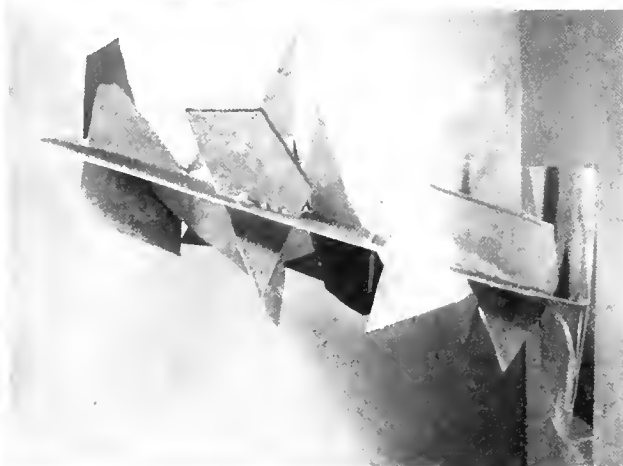
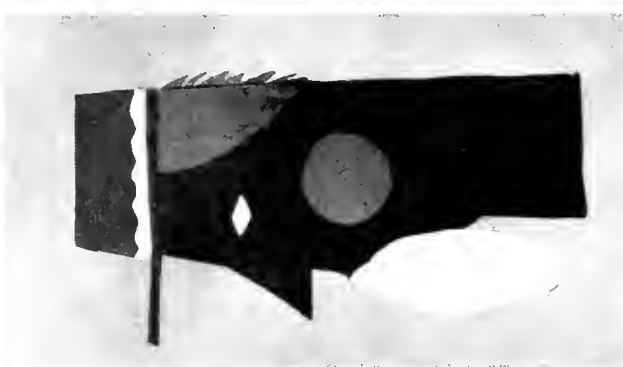
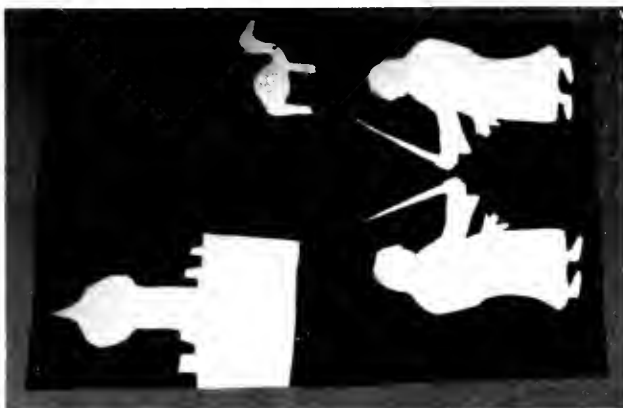
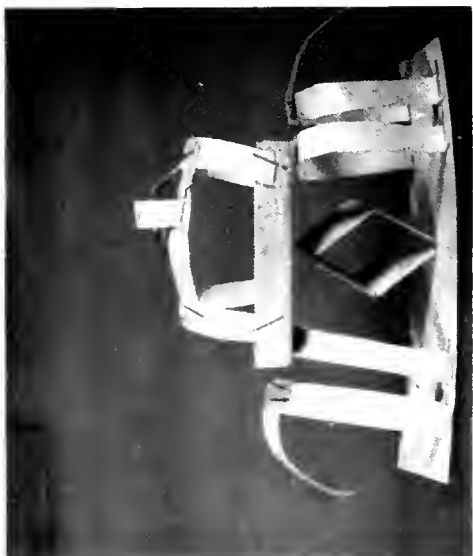
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 Onassis, Byron
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 Orvig, Robert
 Palmer, Forrest
 Parker, Michael
 Patch, Alexander
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 Paterson, Alexander
 Paterson, Hartland
 Paul, Timothy
 Pearce, John
 Pearson, Clifford
 Pearson, Richard
 Pearson, Jonathan
 Peck, John
 Peippo, David
 Phillips, Andrew
 Phillips, Greer
 Phillips, Christopher
 Pilkington, Hugh
 Pollak, Michael
 Pollak, David
 Porter, Ned
 Porter, John
 Powell, Christopher
 Powell, Nicholas
 Purvis, Andrew
 Rankin, Jay
 Ratcliff, Kevin
 Rider, Charles
 Robert, Marc
 Roberts, Nicholas
 Robertson, Scott
 Roden, Peter
 Rohlicek, Charles
 Rohlicek, Robin
 Roloff, Stephen
 Roper, Mark
 Roper, Gordon
 Rose, Nicholas
 Rosenthal, Harlan
 Ross, James
 Ross, Ian
 Ross, Jaime
 Rothgeb, Robert
 Roy, Brian
 Roy, Michael
 Rudberg, Stephen
 Runkle, David
 Saab, Selim
 Sachs, Simon
 Sadler, James
 Saletes, Jean-Christian
 Saletes, Andre
 Sambrook, Bart

Savord, Logan
Scarlat, Alexander
Schouela, David
Schouela, Steven
Schouela, Allan
Schouela, Ronnie
Schouela, Danny
Schreiber, Marc
Schreiber, Bruce
Scheiber, Sydney
Scott, Peter
Scott, Peter
Scott, Thomas
Scott, Geoffrey
Segalowitz, Edward
Sehon, Anthony
Selye, Jean
Shannon, Craig
Shannon, Donald
Shonnon, Christopher
Shannon, David
Sharp, Anthony
Sharp, Andrew
Sheard, Iskender
Sheiner, Glenn
Shore, Ion
Shuter, John
Silberman, Frederic
Simpson, Neil
Skelton, Donald
Small, Richard
Smith, Cameron

Smola, John
Speirs, Malcolm
Spillane, Nicholas
Stanley, James
Stapleton, Mark
Stark, Murray
Stein, James
Stein, Robert
Stevenson, Matthew
Stevenson, Eric
Stewart, Andrew
Stewart-Potterson, David
Stewart-Patterson, Iain
Stewart-Patterson,
Christopher
Stikeman, James
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Stolting, Walter
Stratford, Huntly
Sutton, Eric
Taylor, Brian
Taylor, Peter
Telio, Andre
Terfloth, Marc
Tetrault, Robert
Tetrault, Michael
Tetrault, Richard
Thau, Michael
Tinari, Paul
Tobias, Norman

Toller, Andrew
Tombs, Guy
Tombs, Robert
Tombs, George
Toulmin, Nicholas
Tratt, Jonathon
Turner, William
Turner, James
Tyler, Anthony
Usher-Jones, Gordon
Walford, Robert
Walford, Alan
Walford, Mark
Walker, Mark
Warner, John
Warren, Anthony
Watt, Groeme
Webster, Campbell
Weil, Michael
Weldon, Andrew
Weldon, Richard
Welsford, Hugh
Welsford, John
Williams, Bruce
Williams, John
Winfield, Howard
Wingham, Michael
Witkov, Brian
Wollock, Michael
Zarifi, Constantine
Zarifi, George





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